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THE

THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW

AND OTHER PAPERS

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BY

S. ALFRED ADLER

LATE MINISTER OF THE HAMMERSMITH SYNAGOGUE

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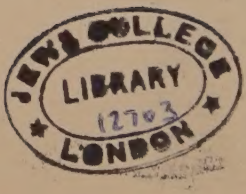
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FOREWORD

THIS small volume has been arranged by those who loved Alfred Adler, because it was felt that there were many friends who would like to possess some memento of his literary efforts.

In selecting these writings, only those have been chosen which have already appeared in print, and which have therefore been revised by the author. For it was recognised that nothing in the way of editing should be attempted. There is enough here to show the characteristics of the writer.

Combined with love and enthusiasm for Jewish learning, he always possessed keen interest in both classical and modern literature, and therefore it is that we see scattered throughout these pages a wealth of illustration from these many sources

of inspiration which were so dear to him. And coupled with this wide culture is shown that which is of much deeper import, a profound reverence for and submission to the will of God, warm sympathy with suffering, an insight and understanding of the weaknesses and struggles of humanity which can only be acquired by those who themselves have passed through the crucible of suffering. The struggle with physical weakness which beset Alfred Adler all his days was a discipline to the soul which he recognised and accepted in that spirit of resignation which he, in his turn, so often helped others to gain. And it is fitting, therefore, that the keynote of this little volume should be the sermon preached on behalf of the sick and suffering, for we have here the mainspring of his life.

We have brought before us, too, the ardent spirit of youth which, while grasping the holiness of his vocation, felt how far short he was of attaining his ideal. The words he spoke may be an encouragement to others who themselves have had to

pass through the same trials and difficulties; and because they represent the outlook of one who had not yet reached complete maturity, they may strike all the more readily a sympathetic chord in the hearts of those who are standing on the threshold of life.

Sincere thanks are tendered to the Editor of *The Jewish Chronicle*, who has courteously permitted reprints to be made of the sermons, letters, and essays which appeared from time to time in its columns.

R. E.

May, 1911

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THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW

An Address delivered at the Hammersmith and West Kensington Synagogue, Brook Green, W., on behalf of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund, on Sabbath, the 16th June, 5666—1906.

"The Lord is good to all: and His tender mercies are over all His works."—PSALM CXLV. 9.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—One of the greatest difficulties which thinking men and women, desiring to believe in an all-good Providence, meet with at the present day, is the existence of evil and suffering in the world. "Can there be a good God," they ask, "seeing that so much pain and sorrow exist in the universe?" Why do thousands of God's creatures suffer anguish: why are we all of us subject to pain, pain of mind and pain of body? God saw His creation, and seeing it, said that it was "very good." "Is His work good," people will ask,

" when an earthquake overwhelms one of the greatest cities in the world : when an eruption devastates a fair and fertile district ; when a Russian rabble massacres peaceable men and defenceless women and innocent children ? "

Now, I cannot hope, within the narrow limits of one Hospital Sermon, to justify God's ways to man. This justification, moreover, primarily depends upon the measure of Faith which is in your own hearts. I can do something to strengthen your Faith, because in my own life, suffering and obstacles have proved not a mystery but a revelation of God ; not a darkness, but an exceeding great Light ; not a silence, but a Voice—the Voice of God : pain has made me realise, not deny Him ; has brought me nearer unto Him, not estranged me from His Presence. But I cannot give you Faith. I can try to illumine the difficult way, if the lamp of your Faith be but faint and flickering. But I cannot re-kindle the flame if it be extinguished. I can, perhaps, strengthen the substructure upon

which your unalterable and unshakable Trust in a great and good God must be founded. But I cannot set the head corner-stone. *That* is a matter between you and God. If you are in doubt, I, who believe and daily ask God to strengthen my belief, can assist you to go forward from less Faith to more Faith, and to fight the good fight. But the " one saving force " is in your own hearts, is in the resultant of your own experiences, woven into the warp and woof of your lives. " All things are in Heaven's hands—except the Fear of Heaven," and the Fear of God it is which is the beginning and the end of all true wisdom, and the understanding of the moving of His " mysterious ways." The mystery of pain is an old problem. It exercised Moses. It sorely perplexed Job, that patient man who suffered unutterable things so nobly. Of a sceptic—Habbakuk—it made a seer and a prophet—causing him to recognise that Doubt is only Faith in a state of suspension ; causing him, when he finally realised that God is good to all and that

His tender mercies are over all His works, to walk upon the high places of trustfulness.

The Rabbis, likewise, were deeply impressed with the gravity and complexity of the problem. The sorrows of the universe and the agony of Israel ; the suffering of the nation and the pain of the individual, formed the inspiration of some of their noblest thoughts, and the text of some of their finest dicta. They realised that, although God punishes and smites (and, many a time, does so without apparent justification), He can yet be a God of Love. They realised that Pain as well as Joy can be an angel. This sad theme has been finely worked out by Mr. E. F. Benson in his recent novel, " The Angel of Pain," and by Mr. James Lane Allen in " The Increasing Purpose." The Rabbis fully realised that suffering can chasten and heal and purify, even as salt cleanses meat—in their quaint simile. And so they tell us that suffering is a sombre texture woven by Heavenly Hands into the pattern of life, a divine dis-

cipline working ultimately as a great agent for moral uplifting. They call God's chastisements the blessed scourges of love, and tell us that even as the olive only gives forth its sweet and perfumed oil on being crushed, so also Israel only reaches perfection through crushing sorrows. They tell us that in the thick darkness of the world-problem is God—the "Light Behind"; that all things work together for good—even Death:—they represent God as saying to mankind "with thy very wounds I will heal thee"; they say that those whom God afflicts bear His name; that only through a "sorrow's crown of sorrows" cometh true life; that those whom God loves He crushes with sorrow. They held that the ultimate salvation of mankind is the purpose of the great

> game He plays
> Upon this chequer-board of nights and days.

And so, "by fire will the Lord plead, and by His sword, with all flesh."

And how, I ask you, can we set ourselves up as judges of what is best for us to bear,

of what will advance " the increasing purpose " of the world-scheme, seeing that the limits of human intelligence are so circumscribed? Is not the work and pain of scaling difficult peaks better than drearily walking along the dull and uninteresting plain? Does not the struggle brace up nerve and muscle; does it not strengthen our capacity for endurance? Do not obstacles quicken rather than deaden us? And where there is failure, is it not true that the battle is more than the victory, the hunt more than the quarry? And is material success the one and only standard of life? Are not the failures of the great-minded far higher than the transitory successes of the ignoble? Again, how can we realise joy to the full if we know not the rustling of the wings of the " Angel of Pain "; how can we realise the " sudden glory " of laughter, if we have not tasted the " bread of tears "; how can we realise the Light if we know not Darkness, the noon-day splendour if we know not the pall of night? How can we glory in the view from the summit of the high mountain of

effort, if we have not painfully ascended from the deep valley of tribulation? Yea. Gold is refined in the furnace, and the clay of man is moulded to perfection in his own tears. "Calm's not life's crown, though calm is good." Heaven is not to be won by rest and ease and quiet, though "peace" is, indeed, a fine Jewish ideal. Only those who have suffered and endured greatly, have achieved greatly. Israel's greatest gifts—the Rabbis tell us—the Law, the Land of Promise, and Eternal Life, were only won in the crucible of suffering. The world's greatest workers, thinkers, and teachers have only reached the pinnacle of fame by surmounting obstacles which to ordinary men, content with the lower slopes, would have seemed insuperable. Of the world's most inspired poets it has been well said that what they learnt in suffering, they taught in song. Man has ever risen nearer to God, by the altar-stairs of pain and sorrow — those altar-stairs which lead through darkness, for ever upwards, towards the very Throne of God—

> And the feeble hands and helpless
> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touch God's right hand in that darkness
> And are lifted up and strengthened.

And to use a homelier illustration in further elucidation of our argument :—It is a well-known scientific fact that when, at the bleak coming of winter, birds migrate southward, they invariably fly, not *with* the wind, but *against* it. And it is this very battling with the capricious elements which bears them up and sustains them in their long flight towards sunnier skies and warmer climes. The difficulty of the struggle brings with it a proportionate endurance, and human life teaches us the same thing :—that it is the man struggling, man the suffering, man fighting with adversity who wins God's finest guerdon through that purification of character which can be wrought by pain and sorrow. Sacrifice, suffering, and renunciation have been the great agents in the march of the world. We " fall to rise ; are baffled to fight better." " Be great and unhappy " has been the sad and tragic blessing of God's elect ; the secret of a

nation's progress; the key to its persistence.

And thus, despite the riddle of the universe, despite the great enigma of the woes of the world, are we not, on the whole, justified in the trust

> . . . that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill?

The hope of "In Memoriam" must be our luminous hope also.

> We have but faith, we cannot know,
> For knowledge is of things we see.

The hope of the faithful must likewise be the shining hope of Job. "Behold, I go forward, but He is not there: and backward, but I cannot perceive Him. . . . But he knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

And even if pain and sorrow and disappointments harden some characters, instead of softening, maturing and developing them, is there not a vast field of noble and self-sacrificing work which depends for its mainspring and its inspiration upon human suffering, I mean the work of our Hospitals? And this great work reminds us that if God

is a God who wounds, He also is a God of healing, putting of His Spirit of wisdom and understanding upon surgeon and nurse and physician. God saith to the pain-racked sufferer: "I am the Lord that healeth thee" and, in the midst of the world-sorrow, and the passion-music of humanity, we see revealed the great truth that there is no such thing as specifically *Jewish* pain or *Christian* suffering. Pain knows no creed. Pain recognises no denomination, and therefore the efforts which we make for its alleviation must, likewise, be unsectarian. Pain binds us together because we are all of us human, and subject to it. Suffering makes the whole world kin. Joys may divide sect from sect, and class from class. Pain breaks down all artificial and arbitrary barriers and unites us, one and all, God's suffering children, in the service and knowledge of a healing, merciful Father, making of mankind a true "League of Mercy," a veritable "Church of Humanity," knit together in a loving and imperishable brotherhood.

Herein we see, dear friends, in our great

metropolitan hospitals, for the sacred cause of which I appeal to you this day with the sincerity of one who has suffered, and the fervour which personal knowledge of the inner working of these great institutions has given me, herein we see, I say, how out of evil cometh good. Within the walls of our hospitals can be seen how the music of love drowns the sob of the world-agony; how science mercifully hushes to slumber the pain-tossed sufferer; how, in the still silences of the operating chamber, sacred places of "sleep and hope" in Sir Frederick Treves's words, men, women, and little children are born afresh to new lives of health and happiness and usefulness. Give, and in giving you will see God! Give, and in the joy of giving you will assuredly realise that the "dread machinery" of sorrow has, in the words of the poet, been devised to evolve

> By new machinery in counterpart,
> The moral qualities in man—how else?
> To make him love and be beloved,
> Creative and self-sacrificing, too,
> And thus eventually God-like.

In sorrow is the germ of blessedness; out of partial evil cometh universal good, and in the wider vision of life we can see mankind united through suffering, and the tender mercy of God brooding lovingly over all His works! Amen.

THE DUTIES OF A JEWISH MINISTER

Inaugural Address delivered to the Liverpool New Hebrew Congregation.

ISAIAH VI. 1–8.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—What a vast difference lies between the circumstances of Isaiah's "call" and the "call" of the average modern minister! . . . "In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up. . . ." The human King Uzziah, after a brilliant reign, ends his life a shunned leper in a lazar-house. The veil drops; the prophet sees beyond; it is the King of Kings ruling the petty rulers of the earth who comes into his vision, the Lord sitting upon a throne, the Lord absolutely; transcending, far above the human prince.* The antithesis seems to

* cf. George Adam Smith, "Isaiah," Vol. I (Expositor Series), "Isaiah's Call and Consecration."

hint at the passing away of the young prophet's hero-worship and king-worship. It seems to herald the dawn of his faith, the end of opportunism, the end of truckling to power and influence, as indeed every true call must mean. . . . What a contrast between Isaiah's call and the call of the modern pastor! A throne and a court, the palace of God in Heaven, the Royal Presence everywhere, the winged seraphim, the moving mists, the live coal from the altar, the purification of the unclean lips, the seraph's song of praise—glorious Trisagion—"Holy, Holy, Holy!" . . . Nowadays, in these prosaic, practical times, when a man "receives a call," he is asked to take up the post of minister, lecturer, or pastor—call it what you will. His duties, and the scope of his work, are clearly defined; he has certain responsibilities, certain privileges. He has to organise Religion Classes, Lads' Brigades, Social Unions, and Literary Societies. He has to visit among the poor and the sick; to officiate at the various ceremonials of family life; he has to preach

many sermons, some intended primarily for adults, others for children. He must be able to read papers, if not of brilliancy, at any rate of intelligence and of substance, upon a variety of themes. He must be an effective after-dinner speaker and a good conversationalist. Nothing must he touch which he cannot adorn. . . . Now, this may be a somewhat lurid picture of the functions of the modern minister, be he Jew or Gentile; but even if my view be exaggerated, I am appalled when I think of all I am expected, as a Jewish minister, to be to this or any other congregation. The plaintive cry breaks forth from the prophet's lips: "Woe is me! for I am undone because I am a man of unclean lips." How much more can the modern minister—for the garments of all mankind become a little besmirched in the mire of modern life—re-echo Isaiah's pathetic words? For, indeed, "The best of all we do and are, great God, forgive!" I do not plead indolence; I do not plead absolute incapacity, although I am deeply conscious that I fall far short of those ideals

of scholarship and spirituality which I have ever had held up to me in the house of my beloved parents; but the ideal minister would be a blend of Moses and Isaiah, of Ezra and Solomon, of Savonarola and Mazzini. Do not think that I am trying to make a solemn occasion of this kind a source of cheap jest, and of cheaper sarcasm. This is the most solemn, the most profoundly serious day of my life. Long and ardently have I prayed unto Him who is the "Fountain of Life," by Whose Light alone we can see light: "Show me, I pray Thee, Thy way; grant me health and strength and wisdom so that I may not fail nor falter in the holy work upon which I am entering." But when the true meaning of God's ministry dawns upon me, like Jonah of old, I feel almost inclined "to flee from the presence of the Lord"—for stage-fright has its counterpart even in the spiritual world. I am appalled by the stupendous nature of my task if I mean to do my duty, my whole duty, nothing but my duty. For there are two ways in which a minister can "do his

duty "—the right way and the wrong way. He can fritter his life away, weaving gossamer threads of brilliant discourses, spiritual fireflies, his religious fancy moving fitfully, will-o'-the-wisp-like, across the face of the spiritual waters; writing charming little sermons, jewelled with luminous phrase and arresting epigram; preaching but never practising; brilliant but insincere; reviewing every book—except the Book of Life; daubing tottering walls with untempered mortar; answering men according to their idols; dealing with the "seven deadly sins" with such tactful and studied vagueness, such hazy indefiniteness, that every member of his congregation is convinced that the point of the sermon is meant for his neighbour, not for himself. He can temporise with sin and iniquity, he can cry peace when there is no peace. He can trim his sails to meet the latest theological breeze, cut his coat to the latest spiritual tailoring. This is the fearsome, timorous, time-serving minister. And so "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." And to such

the voice cries plaintively in the wilderness : " Where is thy flock, thy beautiful flock ? " For all this may be " magnificent, but it is not war." And the true, the ideal ministry means war—all day long the battle raging . . . till eventide when " there shall be light." The ideal ministry means battling with selfishness and greed and self-indulgence ; it means wrestling with those " who are at ease in Zion," wrestling with shams and deception, struggling with hypocrisy and apathy and indifferentism, championing the oppressed and condemning the oppressor. Like a loving shepherd he must lead his flock through the wilderness of Doubt and Sorrow and Suffering to the Promised Land of Faith and Peace, the still waters of His Love and Law. A true priest of God must be content to give up his own ease and peace of body for the ease and peace of soul, the comfort and consolation he can give to others. He must be content and glad to sacrifice himself and self-interest upon the altar of God : to kill self and live his life in others . . . die and therefore live.

When I am far from Thee, there is death even in life,
But if I cling to Thee, there is life even in death.

(JEHUDAH HALEVI.)

The true minister is fearless, setting the fear of God above the fear of man, speaking out, afraid neither of criticism nor of wrath: courting religion, not popularity. . . . His duty ever—

To preach as one who ne'er should preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.

He must console those who, through their tears, cannot discern the chastening light of Divine Love, who in their sore distress listen in vain for the echo of God's own harmony. He must teach his flock manly fortitude and pious resignation, leading them to the source of strength; he must help them to the glimpse of the beacon-light of God, which shines resplendent beyond the everlasting hills. And whatever be the general functions of the ideal minister, the Jewish pastor must try to stimulate in his congregation a true interest in the wonderful history of Judaism and of Israel, with its imperishable hopes, its undying aspirations,

its unfading ideals. He must see that the fire on the altar of God be never extinguished, that the watch-fires of Judaism be kept burning brightly. . . . He must show them the magic tracery of God's finger in our history with its—

> Many-coloured splendour,
> Its sombre, darkening gloom ;

—a history, alternate storm and sunshine ; light and darkness ; night and morning. . . . These are, I take it, in brief, some of the more important practical duties and responsibilities of the Jewish minister. And perhaps the realisation of these practical ideals can raise and purify a congregation more than brilliant oratory and studied eloquence. Was Moses a great orator ? No ; he was a man. And the world wants men, and God desires the hearts of men. Character, and character alone, is at the basis of all true development, all true religion. Isaiah was a firm rock who arrested the drift towards sin of his generation ; who stemmed the senseless tide of the people towards political and moral destruction.

And what is his answer to God's call for messengers—no lengthy burst of impassioned oratory, no studied and self-conscious literary effort. But—better than words—the silence of true eloquence. "Here am I, send me." The truly great men are silent in a great crisis, for they know that to God deeds and not words are acceptable. The deepest forces are also the stillest; Isaiah's prophetic career, begun in utter self-sacrifice —the secret of the true ministry of the Most High—it knows no moment henceforth of grudging, of regret, of disobedience. "Here am I." What clash of opposing factions was to harass him; now Egyptian intrigue, now Assyrian perfidy—enemies both from within and without. But he goes into battle a true man of God, never faltering, never wavering, never hesitating; calmly, but determinedly, he buckles on his armour. "Here am I, send me." There is work to be done—God's work. Let me become one of God's bodyguard. Isaiah received no call in the conventional sense of the word; he heard from the Divine lips the general need

for messengers. He was immediately full of the mind that he was the man for the mission and of the heart to give himself to it. He did not drift with prophecy. And it is valueless for men to drift into the ministry—they only become mere ecclesiastical flotsam and jetsam. God wants no drift-men for His ministers, no drift-wood for His sacrifices. There is only one true ministry—the ministry founded upon love and self-sacrifice and true enthusiasm. God wants strong men, men like rocks, with bed-rock principles, not drift-wood, not spiritual derelicts who, floating aimlessly about at the mercy of any theological breeze, endanger the great ocean of religious truth. A man, a true man, is "as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Ah, my brethren, great is my task. But you will help me to do my duty; you will give me freely of your sympathy, your friendship, your advice. Remember I am a stranger here among you, and have left my nearest and dearest to come to you. Think, oh think, of the pathos of my separation from

all I most love and revere. Make me think of each of you as a dear and valued friend. Try to smooth my path. I do not ask for an easy ministry. I am content and willing to work—God granting me health and strength—but my efforts cannot bear fruit unless I can rely upon your cordial co-operation, your ready sympathy, your heart-whole support. Pray for me, brethren. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

> And that which I may do,
> May He, within Himself, make pure.

For, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." The love of God—trust in Him—must be the master passion of the minister's life. Thus, and thus only, can he lead men to the love of good and the love of God. God it is who must lay the foundation-stone of the minister's labours. To build up the true House of God—that Divine edifice in which sweetness and light must ever blend, the sweetness of His love and the light of His law—the

minister must be dowered with that unquenchable enthusiasm, that indomitable spiritual energy which is as God, breaking into glory through a human life. . . . May His spirit rests on you, dear friends, and on me, so that together, hand in hand, we may live and work and rise even to the very throne of glory. For our true essence, our better self is deathless, Soul of His Immortal Soul, Spirit of His undying Spirit. May the white wings of His mercy brood lovingly over us in this world and the next. May He gently lead us towards that glorious day, that Eternal Sabbath, where day and night meet and melt, and become the gleaming dawn of His Radiant Presence. Amen.

"SMOKE IN THE FLAME"

An Address delivered at the Hammersmith and West Kensington Synagogue, on Sabbath, December 8th, 1906.

"And in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of Hosts."—ZECHARIAH XIV. 21.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The somewhat difficult words of my text, familiar doubtless to some of you, constitute a warning, a solemn and weighty exhortation, as well as a prophecy. What do we understand by the words: "The Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts"? * History teaches us that the Canaanites and the Phœnicians were the great traders, the great merchants, the great commercial forces of the ancient Eastern world. And so, without entering too closely into the special historical refer-

* Professor G. A. Smith, in his "Book of the Twelve Prophets" (Vol. II, p. 490), translates "there shall be no more any pedlar . . ."

ences contained in this verse, the words of my text, which can be interpreted that there is to be no more merchandise, no longer the sordid traffic of finance, no longer the mercenary spirit in God's House, constitute both a prophecy and a protest—a protest against the introduction of the spirit of commercialism, the spirit of degrading and debasing materialism, of purely secular aims and standards, into the hallowing and sanctification of God's Holy House ; a prophecy, too, of an ideal condition, from the attaining of which we are still far off. No longer is there to be the spirit of commercialism in the House of God ; no longer is there to be the abuse of wealth, the abuse of riches in high and holy places. For this is the danger now, even as it was then. By the secularisation of modern life, the vocation of the minister has, alas ! ceased to be regarded as the outcome of a sacred call from Heaven. Among all denominations, the sacred office has of late sunk somewhat in importance, has lost something in prestige. It has come to be too often regarded merely as a way of

earning a livelihood, instead of as a way of winning souls for God. And thus, the minister often ceases to be the true servant of God, and becomes instead the ignoble hireling of man, taking his orders from, and passively submitting to, those whom it is his duty to teach, to lead, and if needs be to command and to reprove. And in our own community, the paradox of the "minister-secretary"—the preacher turned bank-clerk—remains a blot upon the escutcheon of Anglo-Jewry. In addition to this, we have the shame and degradation in our midst, that men of refinement, education, and spirituality are toiling for a living wage, are fighting for existence on a mere pittance, so that in the hard struggle to make ends meet and to keep body and soul together, their work for the community and for Judaism inevitably suffers. For, while we are toiling for a far higher end and aim than a substantial banking account, still a certain standard of material comfort is essential to the maintenance of health and strength, without which our efforts will be

nugatory. Again, is it to be wondered at, seeing the loss of social caste which those who enter the ranks of the ministry too often experience at the hands of some of the laity, seeing the slights to which they are occasionally subjected, the callous indifference and ingratitude with which they are sometimes treated, that the right kind of people are at the present day refusing to enter this sacred profession?

But there are other ways in which this eternal money-standard, this crude and sordid spirit of commercialism, pervades the affairs of God's House, enters into the relations of laity and clergy. The prosperity of a synagogue — owing to our present system—is too often judged, not by the vitality of its spiritual and social activity, nor by the enthusiasm and fervour of the worshippers who throng its sacred precincts, but—of all things in the world!—by the "healthy" nature of the annual balance-sheet. A "surplus" of pounds, shillings, and pence—in the opinion of some of our communal leaders—more than atones and

compensates for some serious spiritual "deficit," some sad defect, some cankerous, insidious growth in the body politic of the synagogue. And thus, since the religion of the day is the worship of the "money god," there follows, inevitably, in church and synagogue, in temple and chapel, the further abuse that "place and power" fall to the lot of men who are financially prosperous, but who are frequently less worthy, religiously and morally, to hold office than their humbler but less affluent brethren. For it is, in truth, "the meek who shall inherit the earth"; the poor who shall of a surety see God!

How long, I ask; and in asking I know that I am only a feeble "voice crying in the wilderness"; how long is this spirit of degrading commercialism to hold sway; how long is the Canaanite to continue in God's House; how long are the true standards of Jewish religious life to be set at nought and despised; when is "Holiness unto the Lord" (Zechariah xiv. 20) to become once again the motto of the syna-

gogue, the mainspring of its manifold activities, the keynote of its services, the inspiration of its vitality? When, in the striking words of the prophet of our text (Zechariah xiv. 20), are "the pots in the Lord's house to become like the bowls before the altar"?—that is to say, to translate the seer's words into colloquial language—when is a devout and reverential spirit to enter into our consideration of the practical, financial aspects of synagogue activity, and of the homelier, more mundane details of synagogue life?

Now I do not for one moment ignore the gravity and complexity of the financial aspect of the question. It exercises sorely all those who, like myself, have at heart the material as well as the spiritual prosperity of this congregation and of other synagogues. We would like to see to it that this synagogue and that other congregations should yield a substantial annual surplus; that the untiring efforts of our secretary and of other synagogue secretaries should be crowned with that measure of

success which they so richly deserve. But the sooner the United Synagogue comes to realise that it is far more difficult to minister to a deficit than to a surplus synagogue, the better. The secretary of a poor synagogue may experience far more difficulty in bringing £1000 to the coffers of the United Synagogue than the secretary of a rich congregation may experience in collecting annually three times that amount and more. And it is a truism to say that the pastoral work involved in ministering to a poor neighbourhood is far more arduous and responsible than the spiritual charge of a rich district. Thus it is becoming in the highest degree desirable that some just and equitable scheme should be evolved, whereby the salaries of the ministers, the minister-secretaries, and readers of the United Synagogue should be computed on a basis of service, irrespective of the poverty or richness of individual congregations. And it is with all respect and with all deference that I venture to throw out this suggestion.

At any rate, do not let us permit the rampant spirit of commercialism to dishearten or to deject us. Do not let us confuse issues. Do not let us mistake the shadow of religion for the substance : the husk for the kernel. We know it, unalterably, that the first and primary duty of the synagogue is to lead men and women to the love of good and the love of God ; to energise in them the passion for holiness—to create in them soul-thirst and heart-hunger for the Living God ; even as it is written (Psalm xlii. 1–2) : "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." We know that the purpose of the synagogue is to "magnify the Law and make it honourable." We know that the purpose of the synagogue is to humanise and refine us, making us more and more after the likeness of our Father in Heaven. We know that the mission of God's House is to bring us nearer unto Him, to make us realise that we are His witnesses, that we stand on holy ground, that this place is

" none other but the House of God, and this the gate of heaven."

We want less of the secular, more of the sacred and reverential, more of the devout and the holy spirit to be introduced into synagogal matters, and into the deliberations of our Synagogue Councils and Boards of Management. " And God said I will have a purer gift. There is smoke in the flame." We want ideals of finer fibre; we want " Holiness unto the Lord " writ large over our vestries, engraven deep on our hearts; we want more of God and less of man to dominate our deliberations; we want those who seek office for self-aggrandisement to realise that glory swiftly eludes those who pursue it (Taanith 21); we want less of the discords of our petty personal spites and enmities and prejudices to mar the harmony of our activities; we want more of the larger vision, more of the wider view of the Majesty of God and man, more of the " far horizon," radiant with the surpassing glory of the Uncreated Light! " Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give

glory. . . ." Yea, in the prophet's homely, expressive words (Zechariah xiv. 21): "Every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts." The accounts, the audit, the balance-sheet, the estimates, the financial statements, the budget must be recognised as the mundane means to a holy end, must be recognised as something sacred, and because of their far-reaching effects, to be dealt with in a sacred spirit; even like unto the Biblical narrative of the gifts of the princes of Israel, at the dedication of God's Sanctuary, the dry details of which Holy Writ transfigures into a glorious act of noble self-denial (Numbers vii.): "Take it of them, that they may be to do the service of the tabernacle of the congregation." And thus on every individual member of every congregation throughout the world, be he Jew or Gentile, devolves the responsibility of supporting, in so far as his means permit, that Sacred House of Prayer in which he worships from week to week; that Holy House, dear and precious to him by the hallowed associa-

tions of joys and sorrows: dear and precious to him by the memories of difficulties surmounted, of temptations manfully faced, of trials bravely overcome within its walls—surmounted and overcome by that strength, that courage which God's House alone can stimulate, which faith in Him alone can enforce. "And in that day there shall be no more the Canaanite in the house of the Lord of hosts."

Again, mar not the harmony of God's Sacred House with the discord of unholy and unworthy thoughts, with idle chatter of the market-place and of the counting-house, with empty reverie of purely mercenary aims and material ambitions. "Guard well thy thoughts, for thoughts are heard in Heaven." Come here to praise God, not to criticise man. "And when ye pray, know before whom ye are standing, and for this may ye merit Eternal Life" (Talmud Berachoth).

And one word in conclusion. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it" (Psalm cxxvii. 1).

Bring financial keenness, bring commercial enterprise—the brain of the man of affairs, and the acumen of the market-place—to bear upon the work of the synagogue. But bring something else besides. For you cannot "run" a synagogue as you would a syndicate, a trust or a limited liability company. "And God said I will have a purer gift. There is smoke in the flame." Bring heart as well as head; bring love as well as brain; bring reverence; bring sympathy, tact, forbearance, mutual consideration. Bring the prayerful and devout spirit. And thus, through the working of His transcendent Spirit of Love, may God help and strengthen this House—strengthen it materially and spiritually. Yea, may His blessing rest on us and it, on all Israel, on all mankind, on all houses dedicated to His Holy Name.

And may He bring near that glorious era when His House shall be called a House of Prayer for all nations! Amen.

A NEW YEAR'S REVERIE

And so another Jewish year is nearing its end. . . . What a sad temptation for the moralists! The flight of Time; the sharp scythe; the Reaper's sickle; Eternity; lost opportunities; new resolutions; regrets retrospective and hopes prospective; in fact, all the accumulated platitudes of professional homilists seem to crowd to one's pen. And yet our thoughts, at best, can weave nothing near so fine as the poet's :—

> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of eternity,
> Till death shatters it to fragments. . . .

And what, throughout the Bible, is more impressive than the Psalmist's "But Thou art the same and Thy years have no end," repeated again and again in our penitential liturgy? And had not the author of the

ninetieth Psalm, dedicated to "Moses, the man of God," that Psalm which contrasts so wonderfully God's everlasting Now with the tremulous, transitory, fleeting lives of men, said the last word on the vanity of human wishes and the brevity of human life? "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night . . . we spend our years as a tale that is told. . . . So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom. . . ." And, again, from Psalm ciii.: "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." Verily, "We are strangers and sojourners; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is no abiding."

Our views on life and death have altered somewhat since the primitive times when these noble thoughts were first put to song. A man, then, slept with his fathers. You were a flower and you took your time to

fade. You were grass, and the mower brought the deliberate action of the scythe to bear upon you. As the pace of life quickened, the similes illustrative and symbolic of death also quickened. It became "out, out, brief candle," and so forth. And now, in this age of hustlers, we "join the majority," we are "switched off," or it is a case of "short circuit," as when the electrical installation fails in the club-room, and we are left, for a moment, in the darkness and gloom of the autumn afternoon.

But such thoughts as these, homespun as they are, can be called up at will at any one of those wayside stations on the winding road of life, whereat we pause, for a moment, for reflection and meditation. A birthday, a *Jahrzeit*, any anniversary of outstanding subjective importance, can arrest and crystallise similar thoughts. The real question is: Does the annual celebration of the Jewish New Year, and the clarion note of the Shofar, really set us "furiously to think" about the meaning of Life and Death,

the choice of Good and Evil, our whence and whither—national and individual—our aims and our ideals, our Hope and our Faith? It must sadly be confessed that, somehow or other, the Jewish New Year fails to make as deep an impression upon the average man and woman as does the celebration of the civil New Year. We wish each other a "Happy New Year" on the first of Tishri, and we repeat the good wishes on the first of January. And our wishes in Tishri seem to many of us a little premature, a little "previous." To write "5666" fails to impress us as much with the quickened sense of the flight of Time as to write "1906." With most of us there is more romance and sentiment about December 31st, 1905, than about Ellul 29th, 5665, although the latter be the traditional date of the Birth of the World. Why do we not join merry hands around the Great Synagogue at midnight on Ellul 29th, and, imitating our Scottish friends at St. Paul's Cathedral, ecstatically sing the New Year in to a Hebrew version of "Auld Lang

Syne," or, better still, " Hatikvah " ? And yet we are called a " brotherhood " !

Of course, it cannot be gainsaid that the Jewish New Year is, or at any rate can be made, a valuable religious landmark in the spiritual life, an ideal date for framing new resolutions. And, being English citizens, we are privileged to make new resolutions on December 31st, as well as on Ellul 29th. We can " turn over a new leaf " twice a year. The peccant soul is given one other day of grace. But there is no air of finality about completing a " year of life " on September 30th. In effect, it suggests the opposite ; it stimulates a vague sense of things cut off, incomplete, unfulfilled. The year is at the fall ; we cannot look for the promise of spring and the hope of " new things " in the dim afternoon of a chill October day. When Nature is in " the sere and yellow leaf " our imaginations cannot stretch to " A New Year for Trees." While, on a crisp January morning, on the other hand, the air is often full of a subtle foretelling, a mystic presage of Nature's re-

birth. The first of Nisan is, in a truer, a deeper, a more physical sense, the Jewish New Year. "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you."

For, to the thoughtful and sensitive mind, to the man who sees and knows more of the world than is to be found in Ghetto and Judengasse, is it not a little depressing to commence a "New Year" in early autumn, when all Nature is in seeming decay, when the long winter-sleep of things animate and inanimate seems imminent? Whatever there be in these coming days of spiritual hope, of religious optimism, of the sense of moral re-birth and regeneration, we have nothing in the physical world at this period of the year as their counterpart and complement.

But, perchance, on the other hand, the New Year and the momentous penitential days, and the great culminating Kippur Day, achieve more, ultimately, of genuine spiritual uplifting, just because of the sadness and suffering of Nature at the fall

of the year. Depression there must be for all who are not absolutely cold and crass and superficial. The falling leaves are blown hither and thither in the deserted parks. Autumn tints are exquisite—russet and gold and brown—still autumn cannot but spell death and decay. "Nous n'irons plus en bois, les lauriers sont coupés." The days are shortening and the equinoctial winds blow loudly. How can there be sunshine in our hearts when the heavens are overcast? How can there be hope in our souls, when the dead leaves eddy in aimless circles, and it is night at six? How can we sing songs of praise to "Nature's God," when the mysteries of the seasons baffle us? "Summer and winter Thou hast created." But in the summer do we not, at times, lose the sense of the "deeper seriousness" of things in that joy of living, that abandon to the call of the "good red earth," which is the crown and the glory of the "season of seasons"? The call of the wild, and the pull of the soil, and the insistent multitudinous voices of Nature stir-

ring us mysteriously are influences which we cannot ignore, and at times they can prove too powerful for us in the eternal conflict waged between the physical and spiritual sides of mankind. It is true that Tabernacles is a harvest festival: like Pentecost, it is a Nature-celebration; but it reaches its climacteric in the solemnities of Hoshana Rabba and the Eighth Day of Solemn Assembly, outpourings of the individual soul in final communion with its God.

And so, in the sad autumn days, if there is sorrow, there is also solemn calm. The Psalmist was not afraid of the deeps, of the valleys. They lay in shadow, away from the sunshine, but they were God's heritage as well as the "Sunlit mountain-tops." "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord." And, again, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me." *De Profundis!* The keynote, the *leitmotif*, of the entire series of devotional prayers and exercises, from the first day of the New Year until Shemini Atzereth, is this same sad and solemn communion with God, the glow-

ing passion for His House, and the striving upwards, from the depths to His Throne. Intensely serious and fraught with meaning are these days for all of us; joyous only for the elect few; the eclectic who have chastened the flesh and have attained rarefied spiritual heights—a mystic service of blended joy and trembling, "rejoicing with trembling," in the Psalmist's words. And so, is it altogether a spiritual loss that we cannot be so truly and fully happy in a physical sense, on these poignant autumn days of inward searching; days overshadowed with the presage of the inevitable winter, as in those delightful days of Passover and Pentecost, days of the "Song of Songs" and "The Book of Ruth," when "the winter is over and gone" and the hope and promise of summer are in sky and sunshine and foliage?

And, in yet another sense, the passing of summer is fraught with deep significance. Cannot we say with too much reason, in Jeremiah's words: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved"?

Our complex problems, personal and national, remain unsolved. There is the selfsame apathy, the same self-indulgence, the same indifference as aforetime. The Jewish question is no nearer solution than it was a year ago. And all these serious and debateable matters will soon once again engage the attention of thinking people. For the Jewish New Year marks also the commencement of the new communal session. The old problems will once again be discussed; the Jewish question will once again be adequately solved—on paper; theorists will theorise and practical men will take the flattering unction to their souls that "They are the people and wisdom will die with them"; the same words of worldly wisdom will once again drop, in laboured periods, from the lips of our communal orators; there will be no lack of criticism of men and things; the poor will weep and the rich will be adamant, and the sordid, petty squabbles of the *Kahal* will once again mar the perfect music of the perfect religious brotherhood. And our people will suffer

persecution in strange lands, and there will be fresh shufflings of the Zionist cards. Principles will once more be sacrificed to party, and the man will be more than the cause. . . . But let not our final note be one of pessimism. The leaves fall but to renew the face of the earth. "Not failure, but low aim is crime," and progress there is —God's "increasing purpose"—despite set-backs and disappointments, perceptible as a thread of gold in the sombre colours of our life's "warp and woof." We are refined in the crucible, and moulded to perfection even in our own tears. Job recognised this when he said: "Behold, I go forward, but He is not there: and backward, but I cannot perceive Him. . . . But He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." And so,let us fight the good fight, for the Divine Spirit cometh not at the beck of idle tears, but at the call of manly, self-reliant joy—joy sanctified by religion, made holy by undimmed Faith and clear, luminous Hope. Therefore, "Be strong and of a good courage!"

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS ON THE ATONEMENT DAY

It is not easy to write of the Day of Atonement in a spirit other than didactic, homiletic, or hortatory. The minister, or preacher, stands too close to the potentialities and realities of the day to allow him to write in a spirit of philosophic detachment about what is, after all, the most supremely solemn and magnificent event in the Jewish Calendar. And yet, to the student of human nature, the day must be full of romantic and psychological interest. And so the journalists have taken up "Yom Kippur" as if it were a new drama of "human interest" or the latest "religious novel," and the details of the "Great White Fast"—usually, however, with a few "vulgar errors"—have become the property of the "man in the street." This, apart

from errors, there seems no special reason to regret. People are becoming increasingly interested in *religions*—although it must sadly be confessed decreasingly interested in *religion*. This is an age of manuals on the "Philosophy of Religion"; of cheap reprints on the "Evolution of the Idea of God." Not that there is anything irreverent in the attitude of the British public towards the Atonement Day. Their curiosity and interest are natural. For age cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety of the day. It plays upon the whole gamut of human feeling: joy, sorrow, despair, unrest, turmoil, "a fierce warfare with the heart." culminating in a peace and calm which passeth human understanding. The liturgy and melodies of the Fast are, moreover, intensely Eastern, reminding us again and again that though our brains are of the Occident, our hearts are yet of the Orient. Perhaps the reminder is salutary in these days of wholesale assimilation and disintegration. For the Atonement Day is the final Jewish rite to be given up by

the recreant. Everything else may go—Sabbath, Festivals, Tephillin, and the rest—but Yom Kippur remains till the last vestige of Jewish sentiment has disappeared. And when the appeal of the day has finally ceased, then, in a very real sense, the Jewish soul becomes "cut off from among his people."

The question is often asked at the present day: Is the appeal of the Day of Atonement to the Jewish national and individual consciousness on the wane? I do not believe that it is. Look under the money-market columns in the daily Press next Tuesday morning, read the Stock Exchange notes in any financial daily on the morrow of the Kippur, and in the midst of a growing materialism and a far-reaching religious apathy you will see that Yom Kippur has not yet failed in its appeal to the soul of the Jewish people. For one day in the Stock Exchange year the tape will have been almost silent; at the busiest moments of the day Throgmorton Street will have been almost deserted, and the effect of the

Kippur on Bourse and Wall Street will likewise have been noticeable.

Into the genesis of this periodic religious revival—fleeting and superficial as it doubtless is in many instances—we will not enquire too closely. In some cases it is doubtless superstition, or it may be craven fear, which prompts a *blasé* man of the world or an avowed agnostic to spend a whole day within the precincts of God's House. I do not pretend to understand this phenomenon. There it is, a baffling product of the complicated Jewish psychology, another phase of the Sphinx-like Jewish temperament. And even if, in its ultimate origin, this momentary spiritual regeneration, this sudden poignant remorse, be the fear of an angry Judge, and not the love of a merciful Father, let not us weak and erring mortals be too ready to pass our puny judgment upon the motives which have governed our penitent brother. God can be, and is, sole Judge in these solemn soul-crises. There is also very little doubt that another important element which has contributed

towards making the Day of Atonement capable of impressing itself upon the Jewish consciousness, in a more or less permanent manner, is the exquisite beauty of its poetic liturgy. And, it may be added, the beauty of this devotional literature has never been seen to greater advantage than in the new edition of the Machzor, reviewed in a recent impression of the *Jewish Chronicle*.

Moreover, it cannot be gainsaid that the Jewish heart is, on the whole, intensely emotional—even when it lacks spirituality. And the day—like all great and dignified religious solemnities — makes an intense appeal to the emotions. This appeal may be but fleeting and transitory, but, at any rate, here is a day which, even in the midst of these years of self-seeking and materialism, is still capable of uniting rich and poor, young and old, English Jew and foreign Jew, in that "valley of equality" which leads to the "gates of prayer." Do not let us scoff at the purely emotional side of the Fast. Although the "gates of prayer" be closed at times, "the gates of tears" are

never closed, the rabbis tell us. In this feverish age of "hustlers," we are "everything by turn and nothing long." And so let us judge of the fervour engendered by this day, by its intensity rather than by its constancy. We are all of us men and women of moods, and we hope that God will pardon what is best in us—that "best" which is so infinitely far removed from the lowliest of His attributes. In the fullest and noblest life of humanity the "petty done" contrasts so painfully with the "undone vast."

> The best of what we do and are,
> Great God forgive.

But "Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God; Thy judgments are a great deep." And so, in God's immense moral perspective, the disparity between "man and beast" is but a hairbreadth—"man and beast Thou savest, O Lord. . . ." I admit that this may sound like pandering to human weaknesses and mortal frailties. But, after all, God alone it is Who knows the "secrets of eternity and the most hidden

mysteries of all living. . . . Thou searchest the innermost recesses, and triest the reins and the heart. Nought is concealed from Thee, or hidden from Thine eyes." He alone is capable of estimating the sincerity, the intensity, and the constancy which we bring to our worship of Him on the great day.

Another phase of the day—already hinted at—which is also likely to be salutary in its effects, is the levelling-up process of synagogue worship and of congregational prayer. The Atonement is to be a direct appeal to the collective consciousness of the Jewish people—the whole "House of Israel." It is to unite all classes, all grades; to level all social distinctions and to break down effectively all artificial barriers. For one day of the year, at any rate, let us be sincere; let us put aside the veneer of convention. Let us, as penitent suppliants, cast ourselves—"nude souls"—before the Mercy Seat. For, with God, the "mask" avails not. The climax of the Neilah is a death-bed confession, and death-beds are often dramatic, but seldom conventional.

The ודוי, although the expression of collective sin is also the agonised cry of an erring soul, striving from the depths for a *vita nuova*. It has often occurred to me that some great, though subtle, change ought insensibly to have come over us in regard to our relations with our fellow-worshippers, after the tense and solemn moments of the climax of the Neilah, ה׳ הוא האלהים. Together we have passed through a momentous spiritual crisis; we have one and all been striving towards the same end—forgiveness of sin. We have confessed each other's sins, as well as our own, in the אשמנו and the על חטא, an alphabet of sin which appears comprehensive enough, but which is, in essence, far from complete. Ought not this community of interest to strengthen in our midst the bonds of kinship and brotherhood?

And so these considerations lead us to yet another question: Does the day effect anything towards breaking down arbitrary barriers of class and clique? Does it make us more ready to think charitably of each other's weaknesses? Does it revive in us

the old knowledge that we are all of us children of the Most High, that we have all of us one Father, and that one God has created us ?

To some extent, doubtless, the day works towards this great end—towards the recognition of the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God—that glorious era when God's House shall be called a House of Prayer for all peoples. But, alas ! our *parvenus* and *nouveaux riches* remain, for the most part, untouched, and their final התמנו is to be sealed in the " Book of Snobs " !

Still, the day remains our sublimest spiritual heritage. Its central teaching is so broad and human, so far removed from the mean and narrow outlook of these troublous latter-days. It recognises so clearly that which is better and that which is worse in human nature ; that man shows his Divine nature not in never falling, but in rising every time he falls.

But a great religious celebration such as the Atonement Day, just because it is so

full of spiritual possibilities for a higher life, for personal atonement and repentance, is likewise beset with dangers: the menace of formalism and the degeneration of an excessive ceremonialism into a perfunctory and mechanical rite. Nowhere has this been better pointed than by the Rev. Morris Joseph in his fine chapter on the Atonement Day in "Judaism as Creed and Life" (page 261):—

> "Everything depends upon the sincerity of the suppliant. Nay, though the Talmud loves to dwell on the splendour of the ancient sanctuary and the grandeur of its services, it does not conceal the fact that all this magnificence bred in the last days of the Temple is a dangerous formalism. When the sanctuary fell, they say there fell with it the wall of iron that had severed Israel from his God. The extraordinary splendour of the services had led the worshipper to put his trust in them alone, and so to overlook the one saving force that was in his own breast."

Let us see to it that we do not degrade the Kippur Day by ignorantly attributing

to it a miraculous effectiveness, whereby we can automatically get right again with our Heavenly Father. The rabbis recognised this danger, and never tired of pointing out the absurdity of such a view. . . . The day is to us, as we are to the day. "Ye have seen, what ye have seen." May God give us grace so that we may sanctify ourselves and see the Vision Splendid—the magic word סלחתי: "I have pardoned" —written with a pen of mercy upon the Throne of Judgment!

A TABERNACLE MEDITATION

THE Jewish mind is too resilient and elastic to retain one set of impressions for any great length of time, and so, by a natural psychological process, the strain and tension are relaxed, and the dim religious light of the New Year and the Kippur—with its solemn devotions—gives place to the bright cheerfulness and buoyant optimism of Tabernacles and the Rejoicing of the Law. The change is abrupt, and almost disconcerting. But life is full of contrasts, and as religion should touch life at all points, perhaps we can learn something from this also. This development, as I have said, is not unnatural, although the whole religious outlook of the Feast of Succoth seems, on the face of it, in many essentials to be at variance with the restraint, the self-abnegation, the monastic and cloistered asceticism

which are imposed upon us by the Kippur Day.

Once again, as always ultimately, Jewish optimism—indomitable and unquenchable—asserts itself unmistakably. The Joy of Tabernacles—the happiness of the Dweller in Booths—is the re-affirmation of that "Joy of Life"—*es lebe das Leben*—implanted deep in the consciousness of the Jewish people. But the joy is a pure joy, not a revelry; a joy kept well within bounds by the restraints of religion—the vivid memories of the dignified solemnities of the Kippur. Of course, Succoth, like one aspect both of Passover and Pentecost, is an agricultural Feast, a Nature celebration, a harvest festival and thanksgiving. With us, however, in this variable and inhospitable clime where, as it has been wittily, even if unfairly, said the year is "nine months winter and three months bad weather," the harvest has long since been garnered in. The leaves with which we garland and entwine our frail tabernacles, unless they be the sturdy evergreens or the sombre laurel

branches, are russet and gold and crimson, with the full blush, not of early spring, but of late autumn. Citron, palm-branch, and myrtles are sent to us from warmer lands. These trophies from the far South, and the "brooding, immovable East," help to complete the illusion, but fill us at times with a heartache for the Orient; a *Heimweh* for our real home; an unrest; a sad nostalgia. The illusion can only be temporary, and the reaction fills us with an acrid melancholy. We cannot always be in the fool's paradise of an unending summer. Our fragile booths cannot stave off the coming of winter. And so, to some extent, especially when Tabernacles falls, as it does this year, in mid-October, the *raison d'être* of the festival is liable to become obscured in the chill autumn mists. We are late summer-revellers, trying to keep up the make-believe of summer fêtes and summer carnival, when the lamps are lit at five. We are more than ever "pious frauds" at this Tabernacles; draining the brimming cup of summer to its very lees (and our

gratitude to Providence for the exquisite past months of warmth and sunshine and blue skies is very great). But now, alas! Nature around us is in decay; the leaves, stained deep red, are bleeding to death, a fatal doom is cast on flower and foliage. And yet we deck our Succahs with the forced, exotic blossoms of the hot-house, trying to effect by science what Nature in her wisdom denies to us—the illusion that the year is at the spring instead of on the threshold of the cruel and weary winter. We put steam-pipes or gas-stoves in our Succahs, and as the sun is cold and shy, electric lights, deftly set in foliage, shine down upon us. . . . We shiver in autumn overcoats, and we catch shocking colds—unless we are "faith-healers" and believe implicitly in the rabbinic dictum that those who are engaged in the fulfilment of a religious duty will not suffer harm. In the "Jews' Temporary Shelter"—as a friend of mine wittily calls the Succah—we become, for the time being, unconscious disciples of Eustace Miles, reluctant votaries of the

"simple life." Ours is a "return to Nature," and we give the "open-air" treatment a brief trial. To breakfast in the Succah in the coming days will require almost as much bravery as to belong to the—the morning bathers of the Serpentine in mid-December!

And yet, who can gainsay the fact that, despite certain anomalies and anachronisms inevitably superimposed upon us by exile from our own land, this Festival and Hoshana Rabba, and the culminating Eighth Day of Solemn Assembly and the Rejoicing of the Law are altogether beautiful and spiritually helpful? They—taking this festival as three in one—together with the Day of Atonement and the New Year, form a threefold religious cord of singular beauty, simplicity, and spirituality—a threefold cord not easily broken even in these dark days of unbelief and apathy. We hope that God has pardoned us if our repentance has been truly sincere, and so we "serve the Lord with gladness," and these days become, in truth, a "Season of Joy." Well, indeed, it is if we can be glad and rejoice on these

days, for the winter days will be many and evil. To but few of us will it be given to steal a summer and to winter in Biarritz or Nice. There must, inevitably, be dark and sombre days; days in which the surrounding November fogs will be brightness compared with the gloom encircling our hearts. And so, giving "a portion to seven, and also to eight," we blend the diverse and divergent thought-phases of these festivals and, on the sunny optimism and luminous faith of the secure dweller in booths, we superimpose the gloomy pessimism and "sacred doubt" of Koheleth. Almost as a solemn warning and as a stern rebuke come the words of the Preacher: "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. But if a man live many years and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity." And yet where God dwelleth there is no sorrow, for strength and gladness are in His Place—and that also is the teaching of the festival.

I have already pointed out that Succoth is, primarily, a Harvest Festival, a Feast of the final ingathering. The booths are for us a symbol of Divine protection. They are but frail, and yet in them—throwing ourselves without reserve into the arms of God—we are happy in the sense of His Brooding Love. There is to be absolute surrender, even *abandon*, in our love: no chill and sceptic revolving in our minds of conflicting theologies.

But in the main conception of the Feast of Tabernacles, as in the inner meaning of the Feast of Weeks, two ideas are blended—the idea of God revealed in the moral law, and the idea of God revealed in Nature. We are bidden to recognise two Voices of God, albeit both of them silent ones—"the starry heavens above, the moral law within," in Kant's famous dictum. Both Feasts teach us that God would have us love alike His imperishable Law and His fading flowers. Both Feasts teach us that He is revealed alike in Nature and in human nature—in the flowering of His fields, and in the shining of His stars—and in His ways

with mankind also, shrouded though these ways be by the dark and awful mystery of pain, the secret veil of the world-agony. For, so the rabbis tell us, a protecting angel guards every blade of grass, every tendril of the palm. We are to look from Nature up to Nature's God. Zangwill's imaginative study of the "Joyous Comrade" in the "Dreamers of the Ghetto" seems to express, in some degree, the mood of the moment, although doubtless the view he therein outlines may be objected to on the grounds of being too much in sympathy with Pagan ideas of the great god Pan, of Bacchus and of Cybele. One risks, perhaps, being misunderstood should one attempt to seek and find God in the voice of many waters, in the surf-play of the answering deep, and in the moving mists on the purpling heather. And yet such thoughts as these—doubtless too daring for the modern minister—were not too unorthodox for the inspired author of the nineteenth Psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. . . ."

So let us be iconoclasts, and break down graven images and set up—the living God! For "if God is here"—recognised alike in Nature, in the moral law, and in the heart of mankind; revealed in the "souls of lonely places" and in the broken heart of repentant humanity—then "everything is here." The vivid sense of God as the unfading "light behind" seems to be the central teaching of the Rejoicing of the Drawing of the Water, a teaching which dare not be lost sight of by the present generation.

Our flowers of Pentecost and our congregational Succahs express but feebly that passion for Nature which once vibrated in the soul of the Jewish nation. And how can narrow Judengasse and squalid Ghetto have acted otherwise? For is not our story since the diaspora a tale of mean streets, a tragedy of the untilled field? Only some rabbi weighed down with the affliction of his people, beholding with dim eyes of grief the glories of the universe, could have dared, in a transient mood of bitterness, to have

uttered words so out of touch with the Jewish temperament. "He who is walking by the way and studying, and breaks off his study and says: How fine is that tree, how fine is that fallow, him the Scriptures regard as if he had forfeited his life." Although it is only fair to add that this dictum is usually adduced as teaching mental concentration. The love of Nature is not alien to Jewish teaching, and the Feast of Tabernacles is intended to revive and foster this love in our midst.

We now come to the *envoi* of the great days: the *vale valeque* of this solemn season. The Hoshana Rabba is to many of the old school a final striving for complete forgiveness. The joy of Succah Feasts is not to lull our consciences to sleep, is not to fill us with the Heine-spirit, making us say: *Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier.* However obscure be the symbolism of the willow branches, we may at any rate be permitted to see in them a mirror of our frailty, a reflection of the swift withering of our lives, and the futility of our petty ambitions.

The weeping-willows droop over the river banks, dropping their emerald tears into the flowing stream. They are neither fragrant like the myrtle and the citron, nor upright and sturdy as the palm branch. They fade quickly, the leaves drop off when the branch is beaten. And so the final note of the festival is almost sad.

Nor is the teaching of the Eighth Day of Solemn Assembly much less sombre. We are not all unhappy, but the shadow of parting is over us, and "parting is such sweet sorrow. . . ." There may be no reunion. We say *auf wiedersehen* to those sacred days, but Passover and spring are but vague hopes, destined, perhaps, never to be realised. And so the root-meaning of עצרת ("restraining") gives perhaps the most characteristic thought-phase of this day. God stays us, begging us feast yet one more day before the coming of the chill and strenuous weeks and months of winter labour, like unto the King in the Midrashic parable, who besought his beloved son to feast with him yet one day longer, before setting out

on a long and weary journey. And so Simchas Torah impairs to some extent the symmetry of these holy days. And yet it is altogether good that our final thought should be of God's law of love and His love of law ; that our final care is for the " darling young." For Simchas Torah is essentially a children's festival. Little children are our pledges to God ; they are His Messiahs. He suffers them to come unto Him, and perhaps alone for their dear sakes He pardons our sins. Let them also have some happy memories of these days. Let their remembrance of the Law be associated with thoughts happier and less dour than of the strident voices of over-wrought teachers, long canes, bad marks, and the discomfort of ill-lighted and ill-ventilated rooms.

And of this entire season the ultimate teaching for pastor and people is identical. We are to make a brave attempt to solve difficult social problems. We are to be equal before a God of just and stern equalities. We are to rejoice, but the stranger, the fatherless and the widow are to rejoice

with us. Our duty is, in brief, to emulate the spirit of Mr. Kipling's "Recessional." Our duty in the present crises of Doubt and Faith, in the midst of these years of indifferentism and unrest, is clear and unmistakable—ours must ever be the spirit of love. Pride is atheism, the rabbis taught. Only the pure in heart and the humble of spirit shall see Him.

Lest drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

. . . . . .

Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

A PASSOVER MEDITATION

THE Passover is once again with us, ushering in the spring, bidding us say farewell to black care and haunting melancholy. From every point of view it is the Festival of Freedom. It recounts the story of a nation set free miraculously from painful thraldom to work out its own religious and racial destiny; joyously escaping in glad haste from the taskmaster and the oppressor. Nature, too, is at length set free from the icy hand of winter, from the cruel grasp of frost and cold. The days, held no longer in the thrall of darkness, are lengthening out towards summer, towards those June nights when it never grows dark. The captive spring, gaining renewed strength, at length breaks in pieces the iron bands of winter, the remorseless gaoler. And so our happiness (if there is

yet any personal appeal to the individual consciousness left in the festival-cycle of the Jewish year) is very great. With the entry of Adar comes increase of joy, and during the entire month of Nisan, which in very truth is the "first month of the year" for us, we are exempt from the נפילת אפים —our prostration, in the spiritual agony of the "supplication," before the Mercy Seat.

Judaism never takes temperament much into consideration. We are commanded to rejoice on the three festivals, and to sorrow on the fasts and on the days of penitence. Our Shiva must perforce be mournful, even when death has proved a happy release. It is the Law, and must be obeyed. Even in the midst of the most intense and poignant grief, we are commanded to rise on the Sabbath Day and temporarily to chase away the dark shadows of sorrow, so that there be no "trouble, grief, or lamenting on the day of our rest." It is the Law, and must be obeyed. No doubt our forefathers were more pious and less

introspective than we are, and, free from the modern curse of the complex mood and of the "artistic temperament," could without difficulty adapt themselves to the specific religious spirit of the moment. For us, however, living in a far different *milieu*, and amid an environment somewhat unsympathetic to the tradition of the Ghetto, it is not easy at all times to bring our emotions into line with rabbinic rule and precept. And yet the traditional spirit of the Passover is not all undiluted joy and happiness; is not free from something of the *commencement de siècle* pessimism. As in the very climax of the gladsome marriage service we shiver the empty crystal cup as a reminder, in the midst of supreme happiness, not only of the destruction of the Temple, but also of the ultimate futility of human wishes and the vanity of human ambitions, so also in the midst of the Seder, which is surely the most beautiful in its glorification and sanctification of the home-life of all Jewish domestic rites—we are accustomed to eat the hard-boiled egg—the mourner's

meagre diet, as a sad memorial of those bright hopes which were eclipsed when the Temple was razed to the ground. And how in these troublous times, it can well be asked, can the modern Passover be unalloyed happiness when the annual recital of our fight for personal liberty and for national freedom is, in thousands of Russian homes, a time of grave anxiety, and through the "open door" may enter at any time, not Elijah, alas! but some brutal Cossack horde bent on dealing death and destruction? To this day the unleavened bread is, in truth, the "bread of affliction," the bread of tears. We recount in the Hagadah our most signal deliverance from servitude, but history has repeated itself, and while our faith is quickened by the narrative of this great manifestation of God's imperishable love for, and guardianship over, Israel, we have painfully to recognise that another Egypt and another Pharaoh press sorely upon our co-religionists in Eastern Europe. Is it to be wondered, then, that the recital of the Hagadah is, to the thinking Jew and

Jewess, a "sweet sorrow," and the triumphant note of the *Hallel* gives way to the sadder melody of the mystic *Chad Gadya*, a mournful Eastern plaint—almost like a dirge of the Fast of Ab.

And so another significance, a deeper seriousness, can be given to the rabbinic dictum: "In every generation it is for the Jew to think that he himself went forth from Egypt." The Seder-night and the recital of the Hagadah are to constitute for the persecuted of the present day a glorious dream. The oppressed are to live in an ideal past, or in the glowing hope of a Passover of the future—far away removed from the sordid, sad realities of the present. And when the inevitable awakening from the dream comes they are to live on their sad lives, but with rekindled hope and trust, and the memory of that beautiful dream—destined in God's good time to become a reality—must not be allowed to fade away from their hearts and minds. They are to remember that "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

There is a freedom or a serfdom of the soul as well as a freedom or serfdom of the body. The body can be held in thrall, and the soul can soar Heavenwards without let or hindrance, uncurbed and untrammelled. On the Seder-night, then, the "night to be remembered," we, all of us, whether we dwell in free England or in unhappy Russia, are in spirit liberated from Egypt, are actual participators in the Exodus, and we add the redemptive aspiration that "next year" the salvation may be physical, as well as spiritual. "This year we are in exile: next year may we be free." To all of us on this great night the words of the Lawgiver come home with renewed force: "I have broken the bands of your yoke, and made you go upright." Into the somewhat obvious homilies derivable herefrom I will not now enter at any length. But it is clear that the whole question of "thrall and free" is one which should lead us to solemn meditations on that bondage of self—the Pharaoh of the hard heart and of the cruel "eyes of pride" —which can be more hideous than Egyptian

servitude or Russian despotism. But considerations such as these belong to the province of the preacher, rather than of the essayist. *Es giebt nur eine Freiheit,* and that freedom means taking upon ourselves the yoke of the Kingdom of Heaven, to be God's willing servants, that is to be truly free—" a kingdom of priests and a holy nation "—free in the loving service of the Most High.

We have already seen that while the keynote of the Passover is joyousness—the joy of that happy redemption which became the prototype of all miraculous deliverances—yet there is present a note of sadness and pessimism which cannot well be ignored, and which demands fuller consideration. Singing the Hallel, or the Song of Moses, or the Song of Songs in these troublous times, we can well say with the Psalmist of the Exile: " How shall we sing the Lord's Song in a strange land ? "

The rabbis finely point out—and the idea has been poetically embodied in one of the Piyutim of the Seventh Day of the Festival

—that the Hebrew word for "song" is sometimes masculine and sometimes feminine. They tell us (somewhat ungallantly, perhaps) that the songs of this world, because this world is a vale of tears, and women suffer pain and sorrow in rearing children, are in the feminine gender. But the songs of the world "beyond the veil," and the songs of the Messianic age, and of the era of Israel's ultimate redemption, will be perfect songs, strong in love and full of God's melody, and we shall sing before God שיר חדש, a "new song" (masculine), no longer a שירה הדשה (feminine), a song of exile, marred and weakened by sadness and tribulation. The songs of the future are to be songs of the Dawn, not "songs by night." The conception is, doubtless, somewhat far-fetched, but who can gainsay that it is both ingenious and poetical. Some light, too, is thereby thrown on one or two somewhat obscure passages of the Hagadah, and on several Biblical texts where שיר and שירה—as the case may be—are used without any apparent reason. And so we

may well ponder on the question: "How shall we sing the Lord's song—שיר ה׳ (masculine)—in a strange land" seeing that Israel is yet in sore trouble, is not yet redeemed?

There are, as we have seen, three songs which we more especially associate with this festival—the Hallel, the Song of Moses, and the Song of Songs. The Hallel, which is the "Te Deum" after the passing away of some great national crisis, is especially applicable to the events of the Exodus, and has therefore become an integral part of the Seder-Service, Psalm cxiv., "when Israel went out of Egypt," as the rabbis point out (Pesachim, p. 118, *a*), having special reference to the crossing of the Red Sea and to the giving of the Law, and Psalms cxv. and cxvi. to the Resurrection of the Dead and the Messianic Age. On the intermediate and concluding days of the festival we are accustomed to read only half the Hallel, so as not to appear to exult overmuch over the destruction of the Egyptians. For the rabbis tell us that, after

the passage of the Red Sea, the ministering angels sought to sing a pæan of praise to the Most High, but God rebuked them, saying: "How can you sing this song when the work of My hands are drowning in the sea!" Surely an effective lesson for us not to rejoice too much at the downfall of our oppressors.

But it is the Song of Songs which, of all the songs sung during the Passover, appeals most to our hearts, especially during these days when Nature begins once again to sing her "song of songs"—the song of spring. Down the mountain-ridges the musical streams flow, joyfully delivered from the icy hand of winter: joyfully the bird calls unto her mate, for "the time of singing is come." Whether we regard the Song of Songs as a love-idyl, as an Eastern love-tale, as a transcript of the eternal love-drama enacted since the world was young, between man and woman —the way of a man with a maid finding its most romantic and its most vital expression in the spring—or whether we hold, with the

Midrash, that this exquisite poem is an allegory of that love between God and Israel upon which the redemption from Egypt and the call at Sinai set the seal and impress of an imperishable covenant, it is altogether beautiful and refreshing—and more especially in these days of false sentiment, or of no sentiment at all. Israel had no dowry of good deeds—and yet God chose her. The maiden was only a country lass, but the King sought to take her and to set her in His palaces. Israel, the "poor relation," becomes the elect of God—"the people near unto Him"—here we have no *mariage à la mode;* no *mariage de convenance.* Here we have no "marriage market"; no modern chatter of *partis* and "eligibles." Love is the only thing which counts in that ideal world: love which, "like the burning bush, burneth and burneth, and yet is not consumed"; love which "many waters cannot quench." For love is "strong as death," because it is, in truth, *il fuoco*—a vehement flame—the "flame of life"—the "Flame of God."

The song is altogether beautiful, as I have said, whether we regard it as an allegory, representing in mystic symbolism God's tie with Israel—Israel's eternal betrothal to the Most High: "And I will betroth thee unto Me for ever"—or whether we regard it simply as a pastoral romance of true love—"my beloved is mine, and I am his."

It is worthy of note that the rabbis refer some of the most exquisite passages of the Song to Moses, to Israel, to the events of the Exodus, and to the revelation on Sinai. Especially is this the case in chapter ii.: "the voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills . . . my beloved spake, and said unto me: Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: the flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. . . ." Surely there is nothing in modern poetry which approaches within measurable dis-

tance of the unstudied and artless eloquence of this passionate pilgrim pleading in words of matchless beauty through the glories of Nature for a little human love. But the rabbis make of the entire passage an allegory of Israel's redemption from Egyptian servitude. Doubtless it was the luxuriance of the picturesque Eastern imagery of the song, at times somewhat exceeding in its imaginativeness the canons of conventional taste, which induced the rabbis and the Church Fathers to read into this passionate pastoral a parable of Church and Synagogue in relation to God. As a matter of fact, however, there is more than a superficial resemblance between the song and the pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil. Recent critics, it should be added, see in the book an Epithalamium—a collection of love-songs sung during the first week after marriage, when the bride and bridegroom, in accordance with a Syrian custom, played at being king and queen.

It is a good thing, too, at this season of the year, when the memory of " hedgerow

elms and hillocks green" has become dimmed by the asperities of winter, that we should once again be reminded of the loveliness of the world in which we dwell, through the medium of so perfect a poem as the Song of Songs. And this end is also achieved, in some measure, by the "Counting of the Omer," for the forty-nine days which separate Passover from Pentecost mark also the transition from spring to summer. The great Magician, by a wave of His wand, transforms cheerless landscapes and leafless trees into glorious sunlit foliage and spacious sweeps of sun-steeped meadows. Moreover, we are reminded that our three festivals: Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles, are in their origins of a pastoral and agricultural nature also; a fact which we often lose sight of amid the scenes and sounds and distractions of town life. And so, from every point of view, the Passover, with its multitudinous teaching, can quicken and stimulate us, reviving in our hearts fainting hopes, helping us to face the difficult and troubled future with undiminished

and indeed rekindled faith. It is full to the brim of child-like trustfulness in a Supreme Power, which "neither slumbereth nor sleepeth." On the Seder-night we can fall asleep secure, without reciting the night-prayers, for is it not a ליל שמורים, a night when angels guard and protect us, a night when :—

> . . . No planet strikes,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm ;
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

And so recalling on the Passover how Israel, the great misunderstood of history, with his belief of monotheism, has agonised, showing a heroism and steadfastness of purpose unparalleled in the history of national consistency, we must yet gain heart of courage from these glowing memories, sad though they be, marching breast forward towards the light, with undimmed hopefulness—"until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

THE FASCINATION OF PENTECOST

PENTECOST is, on the whole, the least exacting of the Jewish Festivals. Its rites, which are but few, are simple and homely, and are free from that somewhat severe over-elaboration of ceremonial detail which make Passover and Tabernacles so difficult of punctilious and accurate observance in these unregenerate days. It is true that there are those who sit up the whole night—as also on Hoshana Rabba—reciting choice excerpts from the Bible, the Talmud, and the Zohar. But these pious souls are in the minority, and—as Mr. Birrell has been recently reminding us—minorities must suffer! Pentecost, moreover, gives an emphatic denial to those who venture to assert that the Jewish temperament is

lacking altogether in æsthetic appreciation of the beauties of Nature. We love the Law given on Sinai, but the choice blossoms which in our synagogues adorn the steps leading upwards to the Ark, remind us that the flowers which carpeted Sinai's slopes are likewise dear to us. And this is important in a cold and callous age which discounts sentiment of every kind. For Pentecost proclaims a two-fold revelation of God. God descended on Mount Sinai and, amid thunder and lightning and the thick clouds, He gave us His Law. But Sinai itself—its rocks and crags, its mists and meadows—was likewise a revelation of Him. For God has two Voices—the mystic word, "אנכי," "I am," proclaiming itself to each individual Israelite; and the voice of many waters, the surf-play of the answering deep. God is revealed unto us in the "Ten Words"—in the moral law—and likewise in the stately aisles of Nature. For the world in which we live is the true House of God, and He speaks to us in the flowering of His fields and in the shining of His stars.

Every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every breath the radiant summer brings,
To the pure spirit is a Word of God.

"In all places where I record My name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." Cannot we echo the words of a modern seer and singer :—

So will I build my altar in the fields,
And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields
Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,
Thee, only God!

Tradition tells us that Shevuoth is the anniversary of the Giving of the Law, as well as the Feast of the early harvest trophies. So that the flowers and foliage with which we decorate our synagogues are to remind us of the imperishable Law, God's choicest gift unto us, as well as of Nature's largesse which in a few months will wither and fade. We contrast the permanent with the fleeting; the transitory with the immutable; God's everlasting now, engraven on the "Two Tables," with the varied face and fitful moods of

Nature : now grave, now gay, now sombre, now joyous. And the words of Isaiah rise solemnly to our lips : " The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; but the word of our God shall stand for ever "—Spirit and Letter alike shall be unchangeable. God and His Law are triumphant over Nature's continuous flux and reflux. And this recognition prevents the possibility of our seriously misunderstanding the scope and essence of this joyful celebration. We acclaim Nature and beautiful Mother Earth, and we may be tempted to say with the poet : " Earth is crammed with Heaven, and every common bush afire with God." We feel at times mute and wistful yearnings towards the theology of Tennyson's " Higher Pantheism " :—

> The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
> Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

But while this is magnificent, it is not Judaism. For our religion is set firm and unshakable on the Rock of the Word—

the passion for Nature is but part of, not all, our Faith. For Nature is but a "broken gleam," a tremulous shaft of light. And even in Nature, "How small a whisper do we hear of Him!" (Job xxvi. 14).

Perhaps this is not altogether an attractive view of Judaism. Perhaps it belittles that love of Nature which may help us to look upwards to Nature's God. But official views are usually more solid than attractive. And after all, Pentecost and Tabernacles go far to prove that the inanimate world still means something to the average Jew and Jewess. Shevuoth, as Mr. Israel Abrahams rightly points out in his luminous "Festival Studies," strews flowers rather than tears in our path. "Thunder and storm raged round Sinai, but there is no storm-note in our Pentecost ceremonies." The Maharil mentions the custom of scattering sweet herbs on the floor of the synagogue on Shevuoth as a symbol of joy. Growing trees and palms were likewise placed in the synagogue, for Pentecost is the judgment day for trees as well as the

" time of the giving of our law." And growing trees, their buds bursting into leaf, are also the symbol of the vitalising joy and revivifying potency of the Law. " The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." We thus see that the poetry and the fascination of the festival are very real ; that they, too, weave themselves into the homespun of our everyday life, even as we entwine the graceful smilax around the pillars of our sanctuaries. Chosen blossoms and delicate flowers seem, moreover, to symbolise the " Ten Words " which in their outstanding pre-eminence constitute the most perfect anthology of conduct, the noblest florilegium of morality in our Faith. The Law is a garland, and even as a garland, must adorn and beautify our lives. Thus religion uses the symmetry of Nature as a symbol of that harmony, that conformity of the part to the whole which constitutes the ideal of true piety.

There is no Psalm which like the nineteenth so perfectly blends the twofold aspect of this celebration—the passion of

Nature united with the passion for God's law. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork" (verse 1). But the Law of the Lord is also perfect: "The testimony of the Lord is sure" (verse 7). Ours is a twin loyalty—born of fidelity to God's mystic and wonderful revelation in "the starry heavens above," born of fidelity likewise to His equally wonderful revelation in "the moral law within." This, of course, embodies the well-known dictum of Kant—the two Voices of God, albeit both of them silent ones, proclaiming themselves in this exquisite Psalm.

Something of the conception of this two-fold allegiance seems to be suggested by the reading of the Book of Ruth on the festival. In this picturesque transcript of homely pastoral life in the times of the Judges we find that the events of the in-gathering of the harvest, and the more stirring narrative of Ruth's touching fidelity to the creed of her adoption, constitute the central and salient features of the Book.

The atmosphere of the Book, its scent, as it were, of the ripe and bountiful gifts of the harvest, convey, even to the unimaginative urban mind, something of the unique and pervasive charm of the "heart of the country." It extols the good red earth; it glorifies the golden cornfields, undulating in the gentle breeze, or shimmering in the summer sun. And the same joyful harvest-spirit which we find in the Book of Ruth—for the sorrow of her widowhood is succeeded by the joy of her betrothal to Boaz—is to be found also in the cryptic *Akdamuth* and in the more intelligible *Yetsiv Pisgam*. The latter poem, more particularly, seems to contain some references to harvests of wine and corn, although, like Akdamuth, it is primarily the glorification of the Law. Something, too, of the same spirit of sunny optimism is to be found in the prophetical lesson of the Second Day of the Festival, which is taken from Habakkuk, that fearless and noble mind to whom doubt and criticism were but Faith in a state of suspension; that large-hearted seer who went from less

Faith to more Faith, from the depths of pessimism to the heights of optimism. And again, in his final and triumphant note of optimism, we find the *Leitmotif* of the harvest introduced unmistakably (Habakkuk iii. 17, 18): "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olives shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." What a magnificent climax of Faith, and how the mists of doubt and hopelessness are dispelled at the giving of this great illumination! For the discipline of pain is to make us live by Faith, and to walk upon the "high places" to God.

It has been said that we show our better selves in the love of children and in the love of flowers. The love of flowers, as we have seen, is a very real thing on Pentecost; and in the Middle Ages, at any rate, children played a large part in the celebration of

this festival. It was at Pentecost that the child was taken for the first time to the "Chedar," and his loving parents celebrated this holy occasion by the performance of quaint and solemn rites. For "the school was looked upon as a second Mount Sinai, and the day on which the child entered it as the Feast of the Revelation" (Schechter). And, because the Law is "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb," the children were given honey on the festival, so that they might in the golden age of youth realise something of the fragrance of the Torah. For at Sinai—the Midrash tells us—the "darling young" were Israel's pledges unto God that they would uphold the Law. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength" (אין עז אלא תורה). And thus, even as the first-fruits we, on this festival, consecrated unto God, so also we must strive to consecrate what is best and noblest in us and in our children to His service—the firstfruits of our intellect, our heart, and our material wealth.

But, although Pentecost is the Birthday of Israel's Religion, just as Passover is the Birthday of Israel's Nationality, the ultimate appeal of the festival is contained in its pastoral aspect. And this could not well be otherwise, seeing that we celebrate this joyous festival during what we may call the " interregnum " between spring and summer. We cannot get away from the facts of Nature, and as we hear the music of the bees, humming throughout the languorous summer hours, we can almost catch as their refrain the words : " Serve the Lord with gladness."

And as from dawn-lit mountain-tops, or from the lower slopes of some infant Sinai, bathed in the crimson glory of the setting sun, we seek God's shadow on sea and sky, then as the day breaks, or the curtain of night descends, and all world-noises are hushed in the trembling twilight, our hearts well over with gratitude, and we cry aloud with the Psalmist : " O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! In wisdom hast Thou made them all ; the earth is full of thy riches."

The grand symphonies of Nature drown the sob of the world-agony, and hush to rest the "still, sad music of humanity," and, with Browning in "Luria," we sing :—

His hand is still engaged upon His world,
Man's praise can forward it, man's power suspend,
For is not God all-mighty?

Pentecost is to strengthen our Faith in God and our allegiance to His Law, and at the same time is to open our sightless eyes and to fill us with the glowing sense of the majesty of man and the majesty of Nature.

. . . You have seen the world,
The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and
shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all,
For what? . . . This world's no blot for us—
No blank—it means intensely, and means good.

This is the message of the flowers. May it not be lost upon us!

THE FEAST OF LIGHTS

THERE seems very little new to say about Chanucah. Its various aspects have before been so often and so exhaustively discussed in these columns, that one is necessarily thrown back upon the symbolism of the Lights, upon the eternal conflict between Hellenism and Hebraism, and upon the inner significance of re-dedication. If we truly dedicate our hearts and our sanctuaries to the service of God, we can realise the aphorism: "Beauty is truth: truth beauty." We span in some measure the gulf between the "beauty of holiness" and the "holiness of beauty." We come to realise the parallel forces of Moses and Plato, of Heine and Mendelssohn. The conflict between what is *best* in Hebraism and what is *best* in Hellenism is more apparent than real.

But the lower Hellenism of the Antiochus régime has its counterpart at the present day. Now, as then, we have to combat that moral lawlessness against which the Maccabæan revolt proved so effective a protest, so that we can well re-echo the words of Judas Maccabæus: "The battle is still before us." The relation of an emancipated Jewry to the hedonism of the day is a problem the complexity and gravity of which dare not be ignored. How long are we to halt between two opinions? Is it to be Greek or Jew? the Mount of Zion or the Siren City? tribal exclusiveness or assimilation? The purpose of Chanucah is yearly to reaffirm our allegiance to the old: to re-consecrate our hearts afresh to the service of our historic Faith. To many, Hellenism spells "illumination." To us Jews it is given to prove, as in days of yore, that "God is the Lord, and He hath given us light."

And thus the clear-shining Chanucah lights, penetrating the encircling gloom, are a symbol of righteousness, a symbol of

religious truth, and of the joy of the Law. The other light—the light of Hellenism—shines, but in a different way. In Emerson's striking words :—

> And God said : I will have a purer gift,
> There is smoke in the flame.

" Smoke in the flame " ; that seems to sum up in essence the difference between the light shed by the Greek genius on the one hand and the Hebrew genius on the other. Hellenism is illumination of a kind, but there is " smoke in the flame." Hebraism, with its one and only sanction of righteousness exalting nations and individuals alike, burns with a clearer, purer flame. Throughout the rabbinic writings we find the purity and glory and joy of the Law illustrated by the symbolism of light ; אורה זו תורה (compare also Genesis xv. 17 : " a burning lamp " ; Deuteronomy xxxiii. 2 : " from his right hand went a fiery Law for them " ; Habakkuk iii. 3, 4 ; and the rabbinic interpretations *ad loc.*) Moreover, the legend of the flask of oil, lasting miraculously for eight nights, mirrors forth poetically Israel's

inexhaustible vitality. His force near spent, the Law revives it, and his light shines forth once again with undiminished and indeed enhanced lustre: the eye of religion undimmed, its natural force unabated.

We therefore see that Chanucah is rich in lessons which dare not be lost upon our generation. If Antiochus had succeeded in his attempt to pan-Hellenise Judæa, the whole course of human history would have been altered, and in the place of great constructive religious movements we should have had the domination of pagan and destructive forces. And so, in celebrating this Feast year by year, we reaffirm our belief in the magic tracing of the "Finger of God" in history, our belief in the working of the Divine Spirit in human affairs, our Faith in the power of the "Light Behind."

The teaching of the prophetical lesson of the Sabbath of the Feast, with its notable climax—one of the most sublime passages in Holy Writ—"Not by might, nor by power, but by My spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts" (Zechariah iv. 6) sums up this

message. The symbolism of Zechariah's vision is throughout striking and vivid. The "seven eyes" are the full expression of God's Providence—the eye all-seeing, and the ear all-hearing of a Power which guards and guides, shelters and protects. And thus this Supreme Force can remove all moral and physical obstacles, can render the crooked things straight and the rough places smooth—"What art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel be thou level." God but speaketh and all things work together to do His will. "Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord: for He is raised up out of His holy habitation" (compare Habakkuk ii. 20). It was through the agency of this fervent trust that the apparently insuperable obstacles in the way of the Maccabees were overcome. And for us also, if we will but have Faith, God will make the mountain into a plain, easing the difficult and rugged path of life.

The triumph of the Maccabees over the Greeks was not purely and solely a feat of stupendous human strength, of remarkable

human endurance, was not founded upon purely physical conditions. It was because God was the sacred cause of their struggle, that He became also the source of their strength. Others before them—the Greeks at Salamis and Marathon, Leonidas and his three hundred at Thermopylæ, the Romans at Cannæ and Zama had displayed heroism on the battle-field. But for the first time in history the Jews were fighting for the perpetuation of a religious ideal, as well as for personal freedom and their nationality, and " to fight for religion was a new thing." It was a duel between faith in the Eternal on the one side and Zeus on the other ; between the " beauty of Japheth " and the beauty of righteousness. And the teaching of the conflict is that God is not always on the side of the big battalions, that the Lord of Hosts works, not through marshalled armies and glittering regiments and all the panoply of militarism, but through that transcendent Spirit of Love which, watching untired over Israel, slumbereth not nor sleepeth.

TRAVEL SKETCHES

I

A NEW ZEALAND SEDER—A REVERIE

THE last words of the Chad Gadya have been chanted, and I come out on to the terrace. The moon shines reluctant, haloed with yellow amber. On the spacious harbour below, clipper, liner, and man-of-war lie, semi-revealed in the evasive half-light. I think of Blanco White's great sonnet, of our first father trembling—

> For this lovely frame,
> This glorious canopy of light and blue,
> Of creation widening in man's view.

Above, the Southern Cross, suspended horizontally like a half-flung kite in the star-fed skies, is seen through a gauze-like veil of watery atmosphere.

I think of the curious fate which makes our people denizens in other lands. Truly we are scattered to the four corners, and the "Law has gone forth from Zion"—to the ends of the habitable world. A multi-coloured procession of life, a pageant, kaleidoscopic, variegated, passes before me. I hear the Maoz Tsur sung on the lower slopes of Table Mountain. I see a synagogue vibrant with enthusiasm, its destinies guarded as it were by the rugged guardian behind. I feel the pulsation of a Judaism, vital, pervasive, "with its eye not dim, nor with its natural force abated."

And then the scene shifts, and the familiar Jewish physiognomy again meets my gaze, amid veldt and karroo, shirking no imperial responsibility, helping on toward "the great day of South African enfranchisement." And again the weird scene-shifter—memory—is at work, and a strenuous voice breaks the hot silence of the Victorian Synagogue—a voice full of the energy of its possessor. Without, the giant boom-buildings rise stark and naked out of spacious streets,

swept clean of humanity by the suffocating tropical winds. Another turn of the wheel of memory and Sydney, city of towers and minarets and joy, rises into mystic, shimmering vision. Where such *joie de vivre?* Where such brilliant lotus-life? The concentration of all that is best in Australia. And the Great Synagogue is Sydney's in truth—the quintessence of Australasian Jewry, its aristocracy, socially, intellectually, morally gaining power and virility, both from within and without: fit recruiting station for our most influential and fashionable London Synagogue; home of earnest men and charming women. I hear what I can never hope to hear and see what I can never hope to see, its brilliant Kol Nidré throng within its massive, beautiful walls testifying to the great religion of survivals—the survival of the fittest to survive. And now a bed of sickness, hazy and indistinct; it is a period of white-winged angels, a smother of flowers, fruit, and physic, where warm-hearted Australian rabbis and their congregation sit in silent

sympathy beside the bedside of their sick London co-religionist. Across the narrow patch of green, parched brown with the tropical and relentless summer sun, rises the Montefiore Home—red in the face—symbol of charity and zeal—I can nearly see the Sheitel and Pioth from my bed. I am near mine own people, even when far from them. 'Tis the eternal comradeship of joy and sorrow which makes our co-religionists the world over wondrous kind.

And now Cape Maria Van Dieman—the Dumah of the good Maoris—rises into sight, and Auckland too, Corinthia by the double Pacific surf—" loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart "—with the most beautifully situated synagogue in the world: a little smaller than Hammersmith, a little greater than Sandy's Row; ministered by a rabbi sweet and lovable. And co-religionists everywhere maintaining their religious identity amid the manifold distractions of pastoral and agricultural pursuits, the infectious fever of gold, and wool, and dredge. They are princes; princes in

wealth, in beneficence, in admirable and warm-hearted hospitality. And now the Maoris, with cheerful "Ten-a-koe," salute me, for I am an Houri (Jew), and more, son of a Rangatira (chief), and Houri and Maori were brothers in dim ages past when their ancestors dwelt on the Persian littoral. The quaint dirge of the Haka and Poë falls across my ear—a dirge Oriental in its mysticism, its intuitive poetry, its pathetic languor—a Maori Yom-Kippur Yigdal, in truth. In their quietude, the reposeful and reticent inhabitants of Whakarewarewa and Rotorua seem to reflect "the brooding, immovable East," in that fine phrase of Mr. Zangwill's. And then a dusty race through waste and bush, past volcanoes—active, extinct, snow-clad—symbols of Eternity—where there is no sound of life except it be crunch, crunch of primitive coach-wheels or the cry of some Kiwi or Tui, circling around with graceful sweep, until the desert gives way to a spacious oasis and the inkau-palm-ridden Wanganui River —the Rhine of New Zealand—is seen

winding its devious and mazy way past Maori villages with Biblical names, till it meets the steady Pacific surf and the lofty bush gives way to the low grass. And Jews and Judaism everywhere. Even Nelson, demi-paradise, the sleepiest hollow imaginable, has had its Kehilla. Years and years ago Judaism flourished there, but now its picturesque little Schul, adjacent to the great bush-clad mountains, is falling into pathetic desuetude. Prosperity and Jew —the two are synonymous—both have fled it. It is superannuated, as it were, from the rest of the world. It is the same with Timaru on the east, and Hokitika on the west coast. Both have synagogues, but their congregations have nearly all fled. Hokitika, backed by the mightiest mountain of the mighty New Zealand Alps, in the good old gold prosperity days, must have possessed an active, virile communal life. And may it not return to life, galvanised by the latest West Coast gold fever? Who can tell? . . . Yes, we have brothers all the world over, even on the rugged shores of

Lake Wakatipu is one, respected for his consistency and loyalty to his Faith. In the beautiful "Edinburgh of the South," amid the environment of "The Untold Half" and the newer literary movement of New Zealand, we have many—urbane, cultured, refined, cosmopolitan; showing an unflagging interest in the destinies of their people: "fighting Jews"—in the phrase of one of the most charming of them—nearly every one of them, ever striving to glorify race and religion in the eyes of the antipodean world. Nothing has been lost in transit; nothing has miscarried in the long 13,000 mile journey. Judaism is as vital, as comprehended, as significant in Dunedin as it is in Bayswater. Truly we are bound as with chains of beaten gold about the Throne of God; north and south are linked indissolubly; there is One Heart, One Pulse-beat. Throughout the "Long White Cloud" there is no doubt of Judaism, no hesitancy in our Faith; it is omnipresent, immanent, virile.

And now the Karpouras, bent with snow

and age, are falling into the sea, and the fat plains of Canterbury are seen, spacious and open. Judaism in the Cathedral City of South Island is a little embarrassed by the cathedraldom, the aggressive ecclesiasticism of the place, whose inhabitants are for ever bicycling over billiard-table roads, or are else in church. Even the Schul looks like a church outside, taking its mediæval and Gothic cue from the churches which invest it. In Warwick Road, Maida Vale, we have invested a church ; in Christchurch we are invested by them on all sides. Christchurch is not unlike its Hampshire namesake, beloved of Merivale Hall, only it isn't quite so pretty. It is also not unlike Cambridge, but prettier. The Cevan winds its devious and beautiful way around and about the city, banked by drooping willows, which drop their emerald tears into its indolent waters. And so circling the long and narrow strip, double-surfed by the gentle, turquoise Pacific, that long and narrow strip from the top of whose highest mountains the sea on either side is

plainly discernible, a water-logged land, in truth, well symbolled by the sinuous fish caught by an Hawaiian ancestor, I come back to whence I started. Adjacent, rises the home of Judaism in the Empire City, a building white and virginal in the moonlight, a diminutive "Duke's Place," bearing a striking though unconscious resemblance to the great parent synagogue. Nobly ministered, too, by a man, leonine, long-bearded, fierce-eyed, a hater of subterfuge and deceit, lover of truth and straightforwardness, tolerant, wise, and lovable.

This is Judaism in a far-off land—that land which so few of us, alas! are given the inestimable privilege of seeing; land of sun-steeped plains and silent gods, once articulate; land of snow-swept, glacier-ridden mountains, that land of the geyser and volcano, of snow-field and gold-lined river-bed; land of strenuous people, patriotic with a noble patriotism, loyal with an enthusiastic loyalty.

With a start I come back to realities. The quarantine light burns yellow on

Somes Island. Behind Petone the jagged Rimutakas dimly fill the sky-line, their summits lost in the late autumn rain-clouds. It is early spring and morning in London. The "Lane" is wide-awake with pre-Paschal preparation. A Ghetto-crowd jostles in Brick Lane; its comedies, tragedies, errors, and *schnorrers*, buying and selling. The air is pungent with burnt Chometz. But we have finished our Seder. London has near ten hours to wait for it. All has been to-night as in the old country. The Seder has been celebrated with no less attention to traditional detail, to its plaintive poetry than if personally conducted by a gabardined mediæval mystic; all has been as in a Ghetto without tragedy and without sorrow. The subdued tints of a poetic mediævalism have been harmoniously coloured with the "newer things" of the century.

In a very real sense, colonial liberty, brotherhood, and equality sum up the ideal of the Hagada. The "next year, free men," of the plaintive "Keha lachma" means

staying where you are in New Zealand—whatever it may mean in Galatz or Dublin. Herzlism has never taken deep root here, because it is a counsel of despair, and colonial life is a counsel of Hope, white-winged and beautiful. . . . And the future of Judaism in Veldt, Karroo, and Bush, in Bendigo, Oudtshoorn, and Auckland? Who can tell? But God changeth not, nor are we consumed; and the eye of Judaism is not yet dim nor is its natural force abated.

II

VIGNETTES OF THE VELDT

THE Peak of Teneriffe was cloud-capped as we lazily made the roadstead of Santa Cruz. There was something curiously Oriental about the first sight of the cathedral city of those Spanish "Isles of the Blest." Built haphazard and straggling on the long slopes of the lower heights of the Great Peak, it seemed dwarfed by the giant works of Nature round about—a toy city, in fact. But, in truth, its buildings, with their coats of many colours, are substantial enough when seen at close quarters. And the Plaza, electric-lighted by night, thronged with sloe-eyed Spanish maidens attended by their duennas, is picturesque enough. Their exquisitely worked mantillas are silently clamorous with an international but in-

articulate vocabulary: a more efficient "Volapük" than any yet invented!

And no respite from co-religionists, even in these remote islands off the North African littoral. There is no profession which we do not practise, and the diplomatic service, especially from its consular aspects, is certainly not unknown to us. The United States Ambassador at Constantinople is one of us. A Jew guides the destinies of Young Japan in Melbourne; another, of Germany in Otago; another, of Italy in London. And in Santa Cruz, one of our people protects American interests in that city. I liked him. He was American but not un-Jewish. He could easily have been put into Charles Dana Gibson's Picture Portfolio and taken part in the "Education of Mr. Pipp," or have come out of one of Richard Harding Davis's stories. Stephen Crane would have liked him and Mr. Howells too—in his earlier manner. We had the greatest kinship man could have—a common race and a common religion—and we "chummed up." There is a freemasonry

which I have found the world over, a free-masonry more potent than signs and aprons and lodges—I mean the insistent appeal of Judaism, not so much from the religious as from the racial point of view. We can link Santa Cruz and Ceres and Monte Video, and Hobart and Wanganui with an indissoluble chain, a chain which the disintegrating influences of conflicting political and social institutions cannot impair, for it is eternal, co-existent with our own existence. Travel teaches a Jew one thing, if nothing else, that we are one—"All Israel are Brethren." This is the great lesson which is taught to every wandering Jew who has not tried, for the time being, to enshroud his religious identity in cowardly mystery. There is nothing to lose, and a good deal to gain, by remembering who we are and what we are. From the most worldly standpoint there are worse things than being a Jew.

But the dolls' houses of Santa Cruz are growing hazy in the tropical mists. The Peak has doffed its nightcap, and stands

revealed in the early morning half-light. It is disappointing. Mount Egmont, in Taranaki, near four thousand feet lower, is much more impressive. The summit of the Peak stands fifteen miles distant from the sea, and lacks the splendid isolation of Egmont and Fusiyama. . . .

Travelling down the African littoral, well out of sight of land, is somewhat tantalising work. It reminds one of Koko's words to the disguised Prince in the *Mikado*: "There will be fireworks, but you won't be here to see them." We know—owing to the early training given us by cherishing parents—that we are passing mock republics and malaria-ridden swamps, vast tracts of unexplored territory, lands black with savage hordes, sunstroked and fever-stricken. We know, but we are not there to see. We do not sight land till we are within a few hours of Table Bay. But the first sight of South Africa dispels all doubts as to our whereabouts if, with the polite scepticism of landlubbers, we have doubted the efficiency of the sextant. One feels it cannot be

anything else than South Africa. A low, sandy desert-waste with gentle upward slope extends for miles inland. Tier upon tier of jagged, chaotic mountains fill in the horizon. One feels that Nature has managed things on a large scale, that there will be plenty of room to walk about when one gets ashore. . . .

The Cape Town "Lovers' Walk" is in full bloom. The interlacing boughs tunnel Government Avenue. From where it opens out between Parliament Buildings and the library the slope of Adderley Street looks like a Regent Mountain. From the top of Government Avenue is seen the back of the Mount Nelson Hotel, the last civilisation before the front. It is the Mayfair of Cape Town—the Carlton Hotel of South Africa. The war has shifted society, in a very real sense, from Belgravia to Table Bay. Life at the Mount Nelson is brilliant but transitional; it is not unlike the ball before Waterloo. There is a fevered sense of *carpe diem*—"pluck the fair hour" before the "dum-dum" for ever puts a stop

to the amenities of society, to Piccadilly, to the Riviera, to Hurlingham and the rest.

The Mount Nelson Hotel is not unlike the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, but not so Bohemian. From its windows, not the silvery water-silk ribbon of the winding Thames, but the transports in spacious Table Bay are seen; not the distant towers of Windsor Castle, but the sandy desert-wastes on the other side of the peninsula, backed by the first rugged presages of the distant karroo and veldt. . . . A mixed multitude jostles in Cape Town's dusty streets, a crowd intensely and aggressively cosmopolitan throngs its thoroughfares. And a motley crew, indeed; Malays, Dutch, Indians, Basutos, Swazis, Zulus, Kaffirs, Hottentots, Afrikanders, Jews, Germans, and last (and least) English—as many peoples as the "motes that visit the sunbeams." It is the apotheosis of cosmopolitanism, the whipped-cream of society, and the flotsam and jetsam of humanity in fantastic juxtaposition. And Russian refugees everywhere. They haunt one in

the shipping offices, in the docks, in the Botanical Gardens. They trouble one least in synagogue. Theirs is, indeed, a difficult problem. Many are put to work on the flats at Claremont, they are given Kosher and wholesome food at the produce market, which has been converted into an excellent shelter. Everything is done for them which human ingenuity can suggest. But the problem remains, Sphinx-like, menacing, insoluble.

Send them to England and we but shift the problem from the African to the English littoral. We solve the problem by adding to the number of unknown terms. The "Cheshire" experiment was a doubtful success. It saved money, perhaps, but it does not seem to have saved weeping and gnashing of teeth. There cannot be smoke without fire, and my deep attachment to my people cannot blind me to their faults. From what I saw of the Russian Jew in Cape Town last November and December, demoralised by flight and loss and fear, three potent factors in influencing any

temperament, I cannot but believe that many of them must have been somewhat difficult to treat on ship-board, somewhat intractable—in the lethargic and enervating tropics, for instance. Steerage passengers are steerage passengers the world over, and probably our people are no better and no worse than the average. And one can never lose sight of what Mr. Henry Seton Merriman aptly calls "the irritability" of Africa. Add to this the unnatural and hectic flush in things caused by the war, and we cannot be surprised if the unsavoury combination influenced—and scarcely for good—the impressionable temperament of the Russian Jew. Such would be but a natural corollary following upon the known postulates of his psychology. For we cannot ignore psychology in these things. They are terrible things—loss and failure—when Tantalus-like the grapes of success seemed hanging down in clusters dull with bloom. Tragedy for ever mocks their footsteps. It is but from one oppression to another; tossed from shore to shore—

"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted." But there are brighter aspects of our participation in the war. I refer to the noble work of the Rev. Professor Bender, practical help on the line and at the front; Colonel Harris of Kimberley, and Colonel Goldsmid of Zionist fame, and the brilliant band of Jewish soldiery who have proved with their life's blood that the spirit of Judas Maccabæus still walks abroad.

From the top of the Kloof I look down upon Ceres, amphitheatred in the mountains which are silhouetted, with almost painful correctness, against the naked South African sun. Every stone blazes like a precious stone; every stone stands out like a jewel embossed in a silver setting. There is no measure of distance. One can travel this day and the next and the day after in the light two-wheeled Cape cart, and still the mountains, will-o'-the-wisp-like, will recede before one, miraged in the dwarfing and penetratingly brilliant atmosphere.

What a curious psychological problem

is the desire after the unattainable! Nowhere does one experience such painful curiosity to see the "other side" of the mountains—"the wood beyond the world"—as in that exquisite district in Cape Colony. One experiences this fantastic curiosity when among the Southern Alps of New Zealand, amidst the snow-fields of Mount Cook, Mount Earnshaw, and Mount Aspiring, but not to the same extent as amidst these lesser South African heights.

Ceres is called after the Mother of Earth and all Productiveness. And rightly too; it is a sleeping beauty, a demi-paradise, a diminutive Garden of Eden, not without pythons—the sanatorium of Cape Colony. It is one of the centres of the Bond Party, and in choosing it they had done, at any rate, one thing in good taste. It is an ideal South African village, but scarcely the place, at present, for a patriotic Englishman.

And again, the ubiquity of our race comes home to me. Ceres' and the surrounding district's most important trader is a Jew, a middle-aged man, kindly and intellectual,

a little shy and reserved perhaps, at first, but with a heart of gold, bachelorising amid willows and oranges and passion-fruit, and wondrously blooming flowers. He is deeply respected by all, and maintains his racial and religious identity in splendid and honourable isolation.

III

VIGNETTES OF THE BUSH

The first sight of Tasmania is not unlike that of Ireland from the Tuscar Lightship. Even from afar off one feels that its scenery has affinities with the scenery of the British Isles, and a nearer view does not materially alter the first impression. The d'Entrecasteux Channel, which leads to Hobart, is curiously reminiscent of the Solent. The scenery of both the English mainland and the Isle of Wight is represented, but the bush is browner than anything which can be effected by an English drought. But, perhaps, the first as well as the final impression of Tasmania is that of a charming little lodge leading to a stately mansion—Australia. One feels instinctively that one is on the threshold of a great continent, that Tasmania is a presage of greater things.

Going to Melbourne via the Hobart and Launceston overland route is like travelling up a beautiful carriage road from the lodge to the mansion.

Hobart is Southampton on a small scale, backed, however, not by undulating pine-forests, but by stately bush-clad mountains. It is in many respects the sanatorium of Australia. Sydney and Melbourne are largely represented during the summer months, and the epithet "sleepy hollow," which Max O'Rell applies to Hobart, seems somewhat uncalled-for. There are good public buildings, good shops, and good hotels, and the streets are thronged with a well-dressed and contented-looking crowd. Perhaps Tasmania, with an area of Scotland and a population of under two hundred thousand, can help to solve the Roumanian problem. Jews and Judaism are no strangers in Tasmania. There are semi-animate Kehillahs at both Hobart and Launceston, the histories of which must go back sixty or seventy years. An infusion of a very little new blood is all that is required to

give them new life. The Hobart Synagogue enjoys the reputation of being one of the prettiest in the world.

Melbourne can be likened to pungent prose, Sydney to exquisite poetry, and the journey between them to blank, very blank verse. It is a wild journey of near six hundred miles through "the forest primeval"; the eternal "blue gum" haunts one unceasingly. The sun sets beneath the distant bush-bound horizon, strange bearded faces, wild men of the woods, shaggy and unkempt, peep with pathetic curiosity from wayside platforms into the crowded carriages—the only contact of the day with the outer world. Brief halts are made at stations with aboriginal names. The Southern Cross stands revealed attended by the whole host of Heaven. The Bush is parched and brown; the sparks from the engines of earlier trains and the relentless summer sun having fed the fire. We rush through a burning bush, the distant horizon is lurid with the glare of the sun's arson. And when the chill morning mists and the green and purple and crimson

of the sunrise have departed the Bush is yet with us. But the face of the country is changing. There is more of man and less of Nature. And, at length, we make Liverpool and Parramatta, and the early Sydney suburbs, and then the Redfern tunnel, like Edinburgh's approach, and the wild seventeen hours' journey is at an end. Civilisation is welcome after such aggressive primitiveness.

It is a great mistake to enter Sydney by the "back door," the land, and to leave it by the "front door," the harbour. The reverse is the more judicious proceeding. The charm of Sydney is elusive, one has to attune oneself to it. Its individuality has to be absorbed like that of a human being. Its subtle charm evades one until one has harmonised oneself to it. With Melbourne it is different. One is from the first sensible of its magnificence, its transatlantic massiveness. It speaks with a strong American accent. Its boom buildings are comprehensible from the first, and, as is natural with the easily comprehended, the impressiveness

soon wears off. In the case of Sydney, unless one approaches it from the sea, and under very satisfactory atmospheric conditions, its beauty, its Oriental luxuriousness, are very easily missed and the first impressions almost disappointing. If the Melbourne life and buildings are articulate with many Americanisms, those of Sydney are phrased with many Gallicisms. Sydney is the Paris of the Southern Hemisphere: a city of joy, of lotus eaters—"Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm." The air is heavy with the scent of magnolias. The bows of the shapely vessels of the Australian Squadron nod at the foliage which fringes the numberless harbour bays. For no less than two hundred miles of shore indent the harbour from head to head. Isthmus and promontory, bays and islets are scattered about in chaotic profusion. There are peninsulas and islands and headlands, in fact there is not a geographical expression which Sydney Harbour in its bounty does not exquisitely illustrate.

At Manly, a slender neck of land,

Panama-like, separates the smooth water of the harbour from the steady surf of the turquoise Pacific. It is not surprising that our affluent Sydney co-religionists, with characteristic sense of beauty, have congregated in great numbers about the beautiful districts of Potts Point, Darling Point, and Elizabeth Bay.

There are three synagogues in Melbourne to provide for the religious needs of about five thousand co-religionists—the Bourke Street, the East Melbourne, and the St. Kilda. None of them are remarkable, either externally or internally. They are pretty and efficient. With a considerably larger Jewish population than Melbourne, Sydney has only one synagogue, but it is, in truth, a great synagogue. Both within and without it is one of the sights of a city, the public buildings of which are of acknowledged magnificence. It is not unlike the new West End Synagogue—its architecture Byzantine—a little sombre perhaps, but more emphatically a Beth Haknaseth than anything which I have seen in the Colonies.

But this must not be considered as in any way casting a slur upon the New Zealand shrines. The congregations of New Zealand may—like its volcanoes—be divided into two classes: "active" and "extinct." There are a quartet of "active," and a trio of "extinct" synagogues—Timaru, Nelson, Hokitika ("semi-active"). The four "active" synagogues constitute a quartet as pretty and commodious as any which the United Kingdom can show us. And as regards communal institutions, Australasia compares very favourably with England. There are efficient leagues, philanthropic boards, literary societies, Chevoth Kadishoth and the rest. The Montefiore Homes for the aged at St. Kilda and Sydney are admirably appointed and managed institutions.

Judaism is a constant quantity. Outside the enforced Ghetto limits there is little to choose. Perhaps, with that rhythmic periodicity, that ebb and flow which reflect in life and thought and religious sentiment the movement of the seas, the Jewish tide is on the ebb on the Australasian, and at the

flood on the South African littoral. The problems of proselytism have touched Australia more nearly than they have South Africa, they have materially embarrassed the Australasian Jewish sentiment. But, when all is done, there is little diminution in racial and religious enthusiasm. Perhaps a new Judaism is arising there, a Judaism with a deeper appeal to the *Zeitgeist*, a Judaism with a more sympathetic appreciation of modern needs and modern hopes. It does not ignore the charm of Ghetto poetry and Ghetto mysticism, the beauties of Jewish tradition and Jewish ceremonial. But its ultimate appeal is to our history, a history before which all other histories pale their ineffectual fires, a history which is a continuous and unbreakable chain forged by the giant hands of the Unknown, a chain upon every link of which the stamp of the great Artificer is engraven in letters of gold.

IV

JEW AND MAORI

THE place is the Otago Club in Dunedin. News of the relief of Ladysmith has but lately reached us. We have sat down to lunch. A Jew, as senior committee-man of the Club present, rises amid an impressive silence, and calls upon a distinguished New Zealand politician to propose the health of Her Majesty's Forces in South Africa. In a few well-chosen words, which breathe a noble patriotism, our co-religionist raises the enthusiasm of the members to fever-heat. The toast is drunk with musical honours; cheer upon cheer rends the air. . . . Jews take a prominent part in all patriotic movements in the principal Australian cities. A Jew is Grand Chaplain of all the New Zealand Masonic Institutions. Some of the most distinguished and the most

successful politicians Australasia has had have been Jews. To-day, in the Antipodes, we are well to the front in political life, on the judicial bench, on all philanthropic boards, in the colonial and military forces, in medicine, in journalism, at the Universities, in social life. . . .

The scene changes to a more sombre environment. It is the Wellington Beth Chayim—a true "house of life"—an earthly paradise. Should the dead arise there they might fitly think it Heaven. Situated on the lower slopes of the hills which form the background of the city, it yet stands high. Christian, Jew, and Maori lie close together, separated but by the arbitrary distinction of a wicker gate. In death there is no tribalism, no separateness, no exclusiveness —"All righteous men have a portion in the future world." Death is assimilative; all distinctions are levelled, and the common origin of Jew and Maori suggested, as it were, in the Maori-inscribed tombstones—"Kamate"—"who died"—our own מת. As I await the funeral cortège I think of the

remarkable scientific theory which traces the Maori to an original Semitic home on the Persian Gulf. Thence they wandered seaward, skirting the shores of India, till at length, in long and frail canoes, they reached the Singapore Archipelago, and the smooth and shallow waters of New Guinea, Sumatra, and Borneo. It is believed that they betray their ultimate origin in many a Hawa (Arabian Saba, e.g. Hawaii and Hawaiki, the " s " interchanging with " h "). To this day many a Rangatira (chief) betrays his origin in his tell-tale physiognomy, in the Sheikh-like immobility of his countenance, and in his patriarchal dignity. The funeral dirge of the Maoris—the tangi—is intensely Eastern ; a Fast of Ab melody. One thinks of the Maori-carved houses, embodying innumerable Maori traditions with Eastern parallels, sun-worship, the thief-god on stilts with the corn-sheaves beneath. I think of the weird tracing of the phœnix legend through North Island from Whakarewarewa to Wanganui—" Ka mate tetekura, Kaora hetetekura," the red bird which dies and

comes to life again. I think of the overwhelming linguistic evidence adduced by Nelson of Whaka and Tregear of Wellington in favour of their original Eastern stock. Then there are the Hou-hows—Maori Sabbatarians—who have begged the rabbis both of Auckland and Wellington to conduct their services. They keep portions of the Mosaic Law, however unconsciously; they regard the Abrahamic covenant, but eat swine's flesh, because they like it! How the trail evades one. First, we have the purely Polynesian type, thick-lipped, broad-distended nostrils, low forehead, and coal-black hair; and then the Mongol type, with high cheek-bones and beady Chinese eyes; and, lastly, unmistakable, arising out of all, the Maori aristocrat, an Eastern in every feature. . . . But the bier of the poor consumption-stricken youth approaches, wheeled up the steep incline which leads to the Jewish portion of the spacious cemetery. The late autumn sun shines coldly over the flanking mountains. The presages of winter are in the keen air, in the premature snows

which crown the chaotic Rimutakas. From the heights the harbour looks like a Swiss lake in early winter, and Wellington a Lucerne of the Southern Hemisphere. Enclosed by mountains, the harbour entrance invisible from the city and the flanking heights, it looks "straitly shut up." Or, perhaps, more Italian than Swiss, with Somes Island and its smaller satellites anchored in midstream. . . . A numerous train of sad-faced friends, Jewish and non-Jewish, accompany the bier. There is no hall. A halt is made just past the barrier which divides the Jewish from the Christian portion of the cemetery. הצור תמים is recited, the last course is sadly traversed, the concluding prayers are solemnly read, and the last rites tearfully performed. How like our beautiful Willesden Cemetery, and yet how different! A chill Willesden wind whines mournfully among the mountains; there is the same pathetic isolation, the same aloofness, the same clean, sweet air. But the alternate turquoise and sapphire arm of the Pacific is at our feet, shimmering sadly in

the cold late-autumn sun, giver of light but not of heat. Not the pellucid New Zealand air, nor the kindly sun, have availed aught against the fell disease, so cosmopolitan in its sway, so international in its victims. Brady Street and Hokianga, Tenter Street and Tokanu, to none of them is the grievous scourge a stranger. And so, cut off prematurely from the beautiful land, the voices of the Kiwi and Tui are for him silent evermore. No more shall his eyes look upon grassy banks dotted with weeping willows, no more shall he behold the glistening karaka, the purpling bloom of the koromiko, the shining puriri, the darkling totara, the crimsoned rata, the soft gold-green of the drooping rimu.

> For his spirit has taken flight to Rona,
> Open ye the gates of Heaven !

And the sun is clouded and the wind whispers of mourning and joins in the human sob and moans, with sorrowful murmur, a Maori lament. The clouds sweep down upon the rugged mountains which rise, in triple tier, behind Day's Bay, and the rain-mists blot

out Petone and day and life. . . . But again the sun threw a shaft; it shone upon the starry blooms of the manuka, the russet-tinted kowhai; it shone on climbing ferns and verdant grasses, and coiled lianas. But the mists broaden again and enshroud the Hutt Valley, and the sun's work for the day is done. . . . And now the stars appear —the eyes of Maori ancestors—and proclaim their ancient lineage in bright sheen and scintillation.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF DR. THEODOR HERZL

It is somewhat difficult—so near to the tragic event—to say anything relative to the irreparable loss which has befallen the whole world of Jewry which shall not partake of the nature of the trite and the commonplace. There is genuine and widespread grief, not only among political Zionists, but also among those who did not see eye to eye with the political propaganda of Dr. Herzl. And real, heartfelt grief—not the sentimental pang of the moment, nor the transient sorrow of a fitful mood—is scarcely conducive to chastely ornate and dignified language, to glowing and eloquent panegyrics. For this, we must wait until we can see our loss in perspective, and try to esti-

mate it with some sense of proportion. For the moment, we can only follow the dictates of our hearts. For the present, we can only "bow disconsolate heads and weep," acknowledging that what God doeth, He doeth for the best, and that beyond "the tearful sadness at the heart of things" stretch the illimitable sunlit realms of God's unsearchable wisdom.

It is the pitiless irony of history that Dr. Herzl's death should have occurred within the sad period of the *drei Wochen*. To many of our foreign brethren, the coming fast of Ab will be the anniversary, not of two, but of three "Destructions," will commemorate, not twice, but thrice, the shattering of national hopes. To many of our persecuted brethren in Russia, Poland and Galicia—too much tossed on a sea of evils for them to be undaunted optimists—the staggering blow constitutes almost a third *Churban*. History, indeed, repeats itself, and to pessimistic minds it will come in effect as a national *débâcle*. To our co-religionists the world over, the sad tidings

will be almost seismic in their effect. For to thousands and to tens of thousands Zionism was Herzl and Herzl was Zionism. It was to the man as the *fons et origo* of the movement, as its most arresting and outstanding characteristic, rather than to the movement itself, that they looked ; to him that they pinned their loyal allegiance. Herzl was to them—and by them—endowed with almost supernatural powers. Alas ! In this intensely sad and sombre epoch in the chequered history of political Zionism, we are taught that systems and movements and tendencies outlive the men who direct them. For mankind, at best, is but frail and transient. "Trust not in the son of man." Only in the Most High is there permanent and lasting Hope. "But Thou art the same, and Thy years have no end."

It can be but little more than nine years since Herzl emerged from the comparative obscurity of the higher paths of continental journalism — leader-writing, play-writing, and so forth—since he rose from his desk, "hearing the cry of his afflicted people."

It has not been given him, as he had hoped, to return to the desk he left, nor has the cry of his oppressed people been stilled. Instead, the voice of him who led these memorable Congresses for six years is silent for evermore. Only nine years! and yet what great things have been accomplished in that brief period: the concentration of Jewish national forces; the fostering of Jewish learning and of Jewish idealism; the revival of Jewish national self-consciousness, with a corresponding revival of Jewish religious sentiment; the creation of a system of Jewish politics as a factor in "world-politics." All this, and much more, has been achieved in nine brief years. It seems impossible that the divergent and conflicting forces in modern Jewry could, in that short period, have undergone so striking a metamorphosis, could have surrendered so unconditionally to the genius and personality of one man. And yet, whether we be political Zionists or not, we have to recognise in the Zionism of Dr. Herzl an important factor to be reckoned with in any

estimate of the forces and currents which interact and interplay in modern Jewry at the present day. Moreover, political Zionism has made for Jewish solidarity; it has attempted to marshal our forces, and to enable us to show a fairly united front in the face of persecution and oppression. "The Times," which may be taken as a paper eminently sane and level-headed, a paper standing aloof from the sentimentality and hysteria of the many, sees in the aspirations of Zionism a possibility of uniting large parts of the race "in pursuit of noble objects, inspiring it with a far-seeing policy, and meeting persecution with a concerted firmness."

It seems but yesterday that I saw Herzl for the first time—tall, leonine, and imposing—so suave and gentle, and yet so iron of will; so inflexible of purpose, expounding his scheme—the cause for which he was destined to live and die!—to a chosen few. It was just about the time of the publication of "The Jewish State." I fear that, at that time, I had but small German, while he,

certainly, had less English. But I have never forgotten that evening. I felt, instinctively, that I was in the presence of a personality which was destined to leave an imperishable impress upon the Jewish consciousness—not for an age, but for all time. He was, at this juncture, almost obscure; a Viennese journalist, sometime a jurist, a clever and entertaining feuilletonist, but I felt that if there was in the world such a thing as genius, here was genius, real and unflattered. During the fifth and sixth Zionist Congresses, held at the dreamy German-Swiss town of Basle, I met him often and on more intimate terms, though only playing the part of the unaffiliated Zionist, of the amateur journalist with a roving commission. Sympathetic articles on the movement, which I had published from time to time, seemed to have pleased him, and I spent many pleasant moments with him in Basle. The last words he addressed to me, shortly before I left Basle last August, near the conclusion of the sixth Congress, were: "It has been a good Con-

gress, has it not ? " And yet I felt that his heart was heavy, and that the problem of East Africa perplexed him sorely. I was on the platform in the Congress Hall during that tense hour when, as Mr. Zangwill has finely said : " Each delegate's ' yes ' or ' no ' sounded like the hammer-strokes of destiny forging the future of the Jewish people." Here, if ever, was there sore need for all the leader's strength of will and force of character. He showed wonderful restraint, wonderful self-control in that grave crisis when the Russian *neinsagers* swept, like a torrent swollen by the melting snows of spring, from out of the Congress Hall. But in one tense minute he grew old. I saw his face pale, his muscles twitch. In one poignant moment he realised the futility of Zion's dream ; he saw confusion instead of fusion, disunion instead of union. As in a glass, darkly, he saw the movement : its past, its uncertain present, its still less hopeful future, if there were not unity and brotherhood. Perhaps he felt that, strong man as he was, he had somehow failed.

And so he passes from us, not old and full of years, but cut off in the prime of life, in the full strength and vigour of his splendid manhood. Perhaps he died of a broken heart. Who can tell? But split and schism, faction and disunion, these things must have told upon his health and strength, already undermined by anxious days and sleepless nights, and the strenuous exactions of the Congress. All these things must have eaten into his very soul, and robbed life of much of its light and joy. Truly he lived and died for the Cause! His life and work are as a radiant gleam of idealism amid a welter of materialism. Our nation is the richer by such lives; our history is made beautiful and honourable by such an example of devotion to duty, of disinterested love, of single-minded zeal.

Will the political movement long survive the death of its principal leader? On whose shoulders will fall the mantle of Elijah? The first is a question which time, and time alone, can decide. Many there are, doubtless—loyal and brave spirits—who will

worthily strive to carry on his great and beneficent work towards the restoration of a Jewish State, and the liberation of oppressed Israel. Many distinguished names will be mentioned for the leadership—Max Nordau, Dr. Marmorek, Franz Oppenheimer. But, for the immediate present, the loss to the cause seems well-nigh irremediable. Like Moses—to whom Herzl has more than once been compared—it has only been given to him to see afar off the Promised Land. . . . At length he is at rest. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." The late Professor Jowett said in one of his sermons: "A great character is like a sanctuary: you visit it, and come away. Then duty begins." The duty of each one of us, contemplating this noble character, this splendid life, is clear. We must strive to carry on, in essence, the great work which was the inspiration of his life and the mainspring of his every action.

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